INKLE AND YARICO

A COMICK OPERA

As PERFORM'D at the THEATRE ROYAL in the HAY MARKET

The Words by George Colman Esq.r Jun.r

The Musick Composed by

D.r Arnold

Organist & Composer to his Majesty

ADAPTED FOR THE VOICE, HARPSICHORD, PIANO FORTE &c.

Opera XXX.th — Enter'd at Stationers Hall. — Price 10s/6d.

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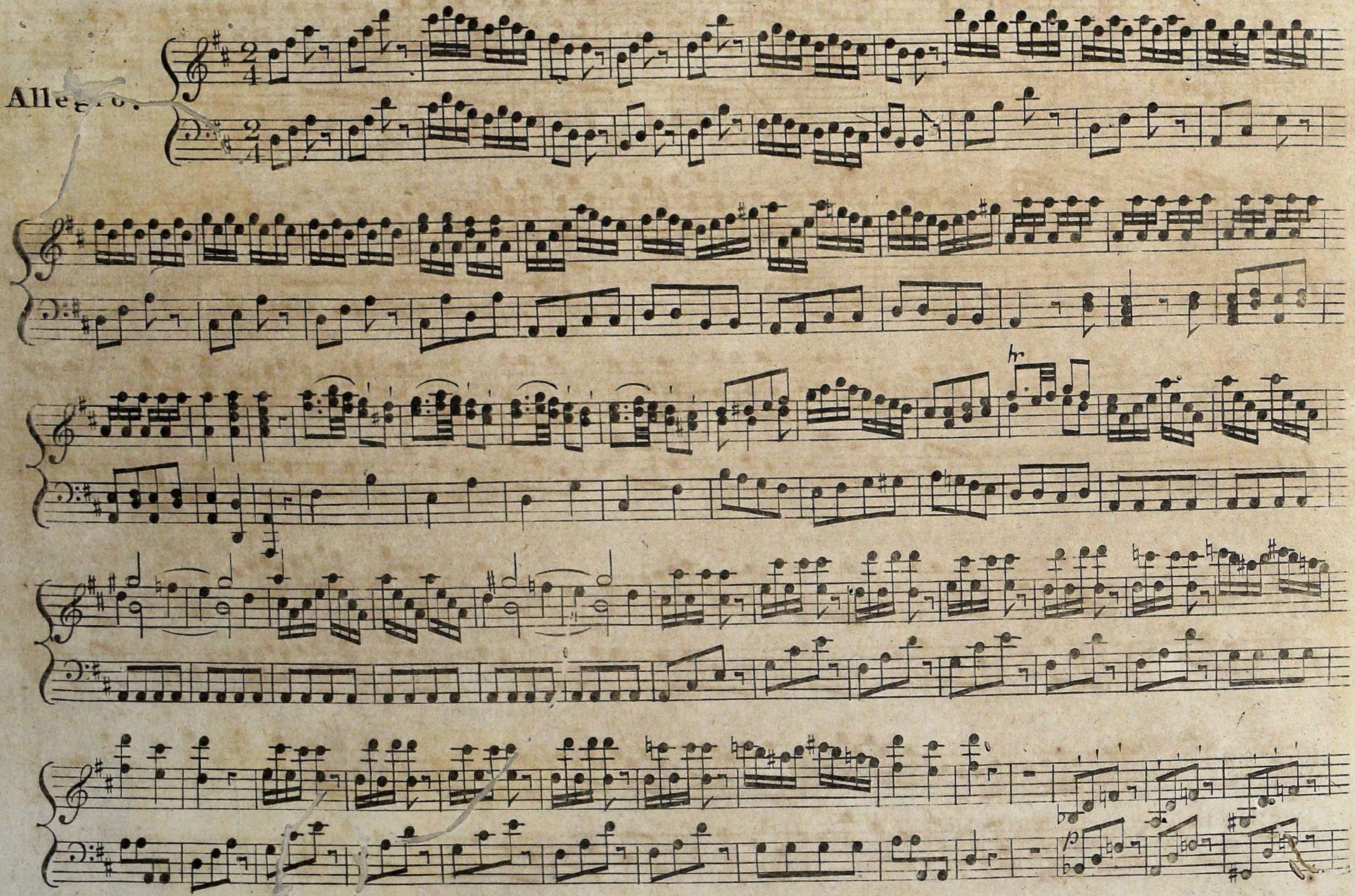
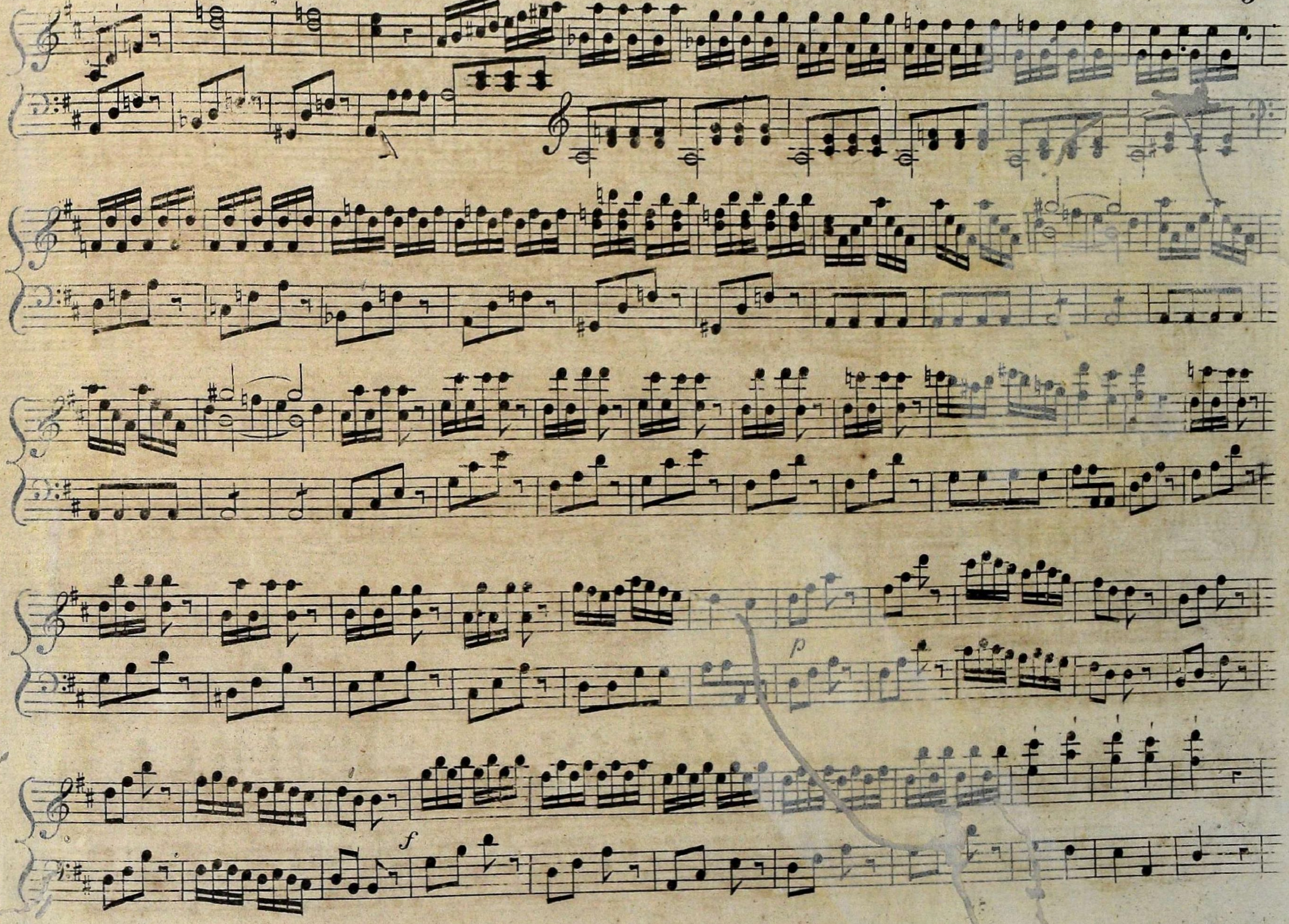
OVERTURE.

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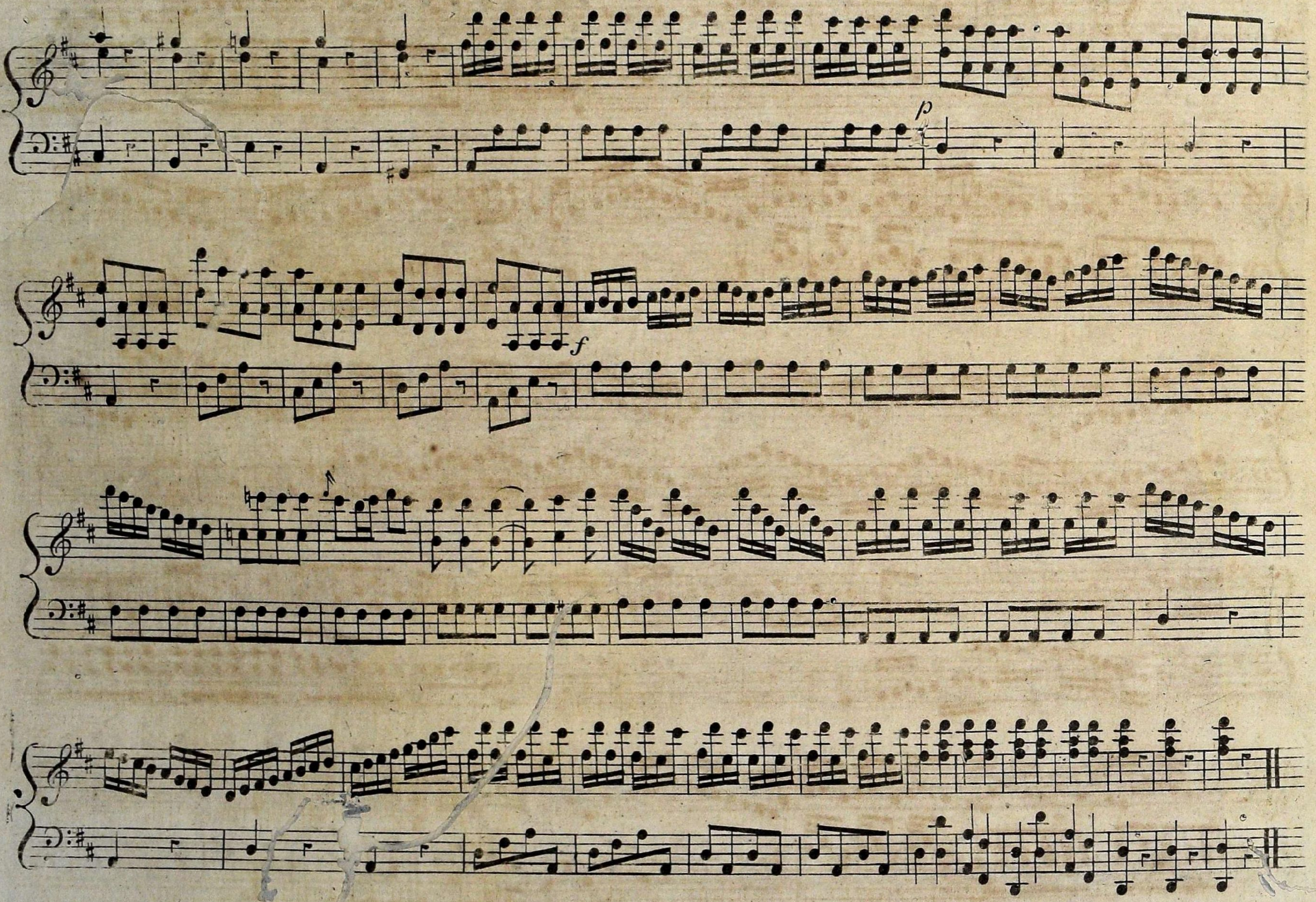
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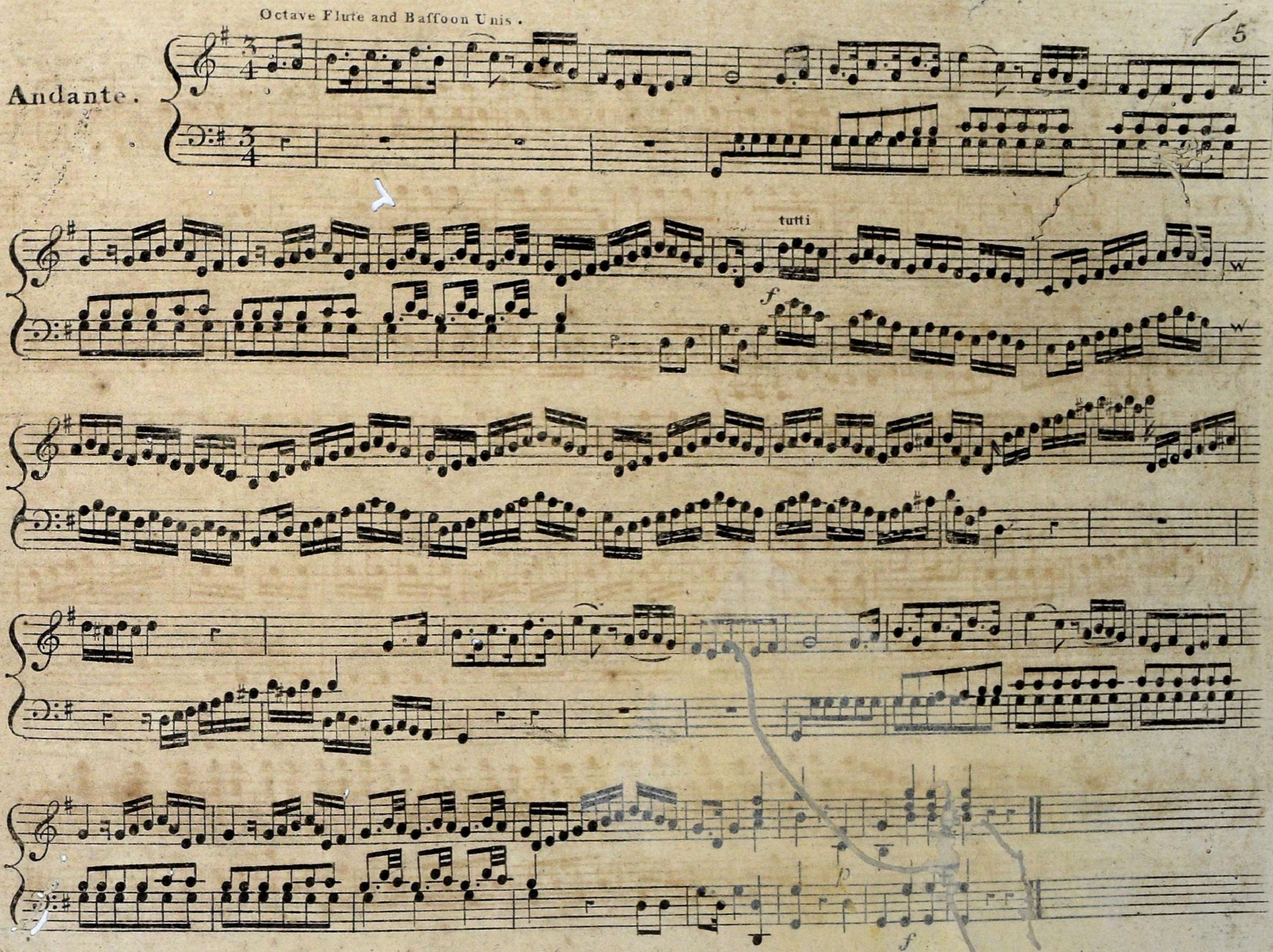
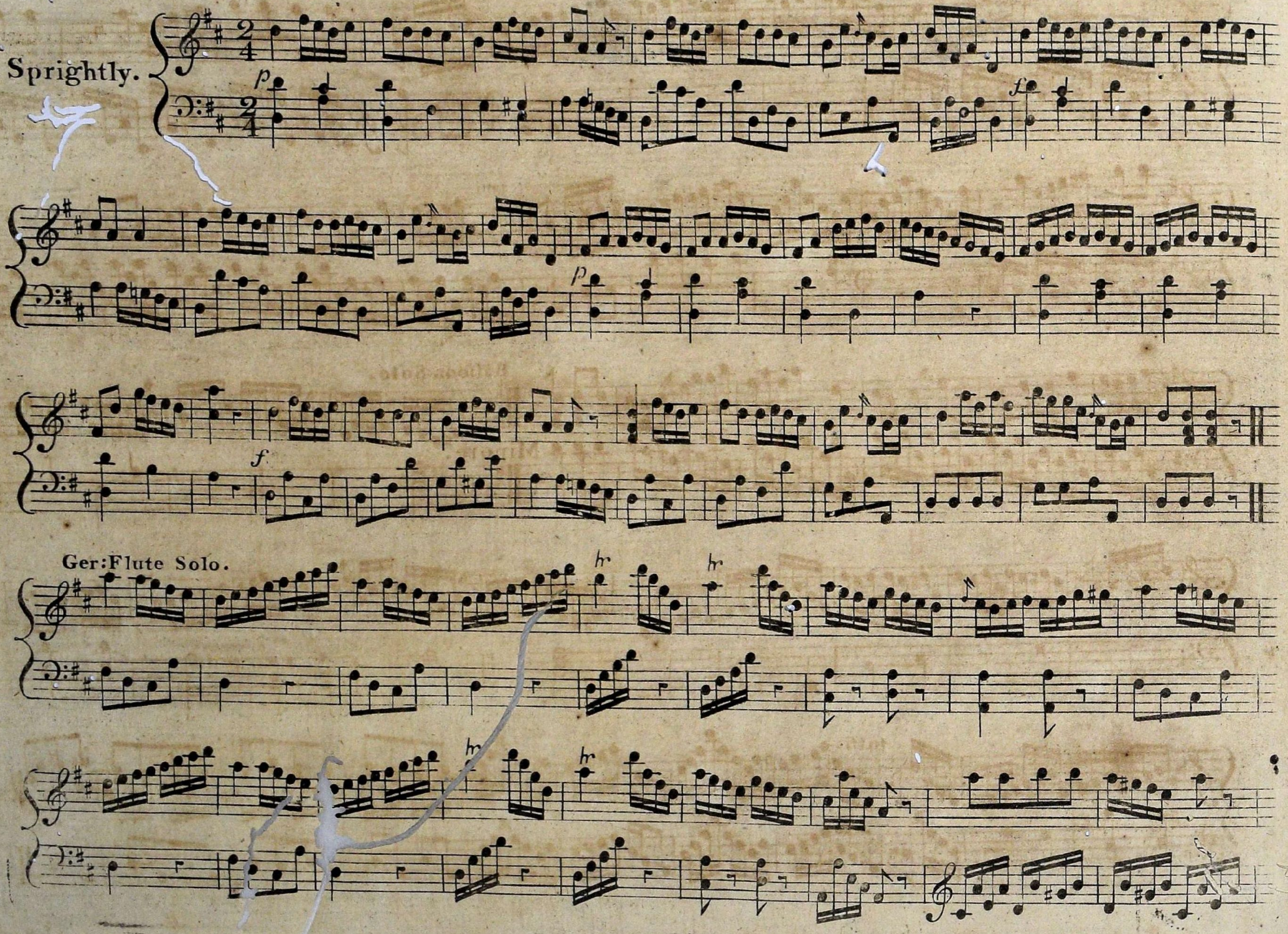
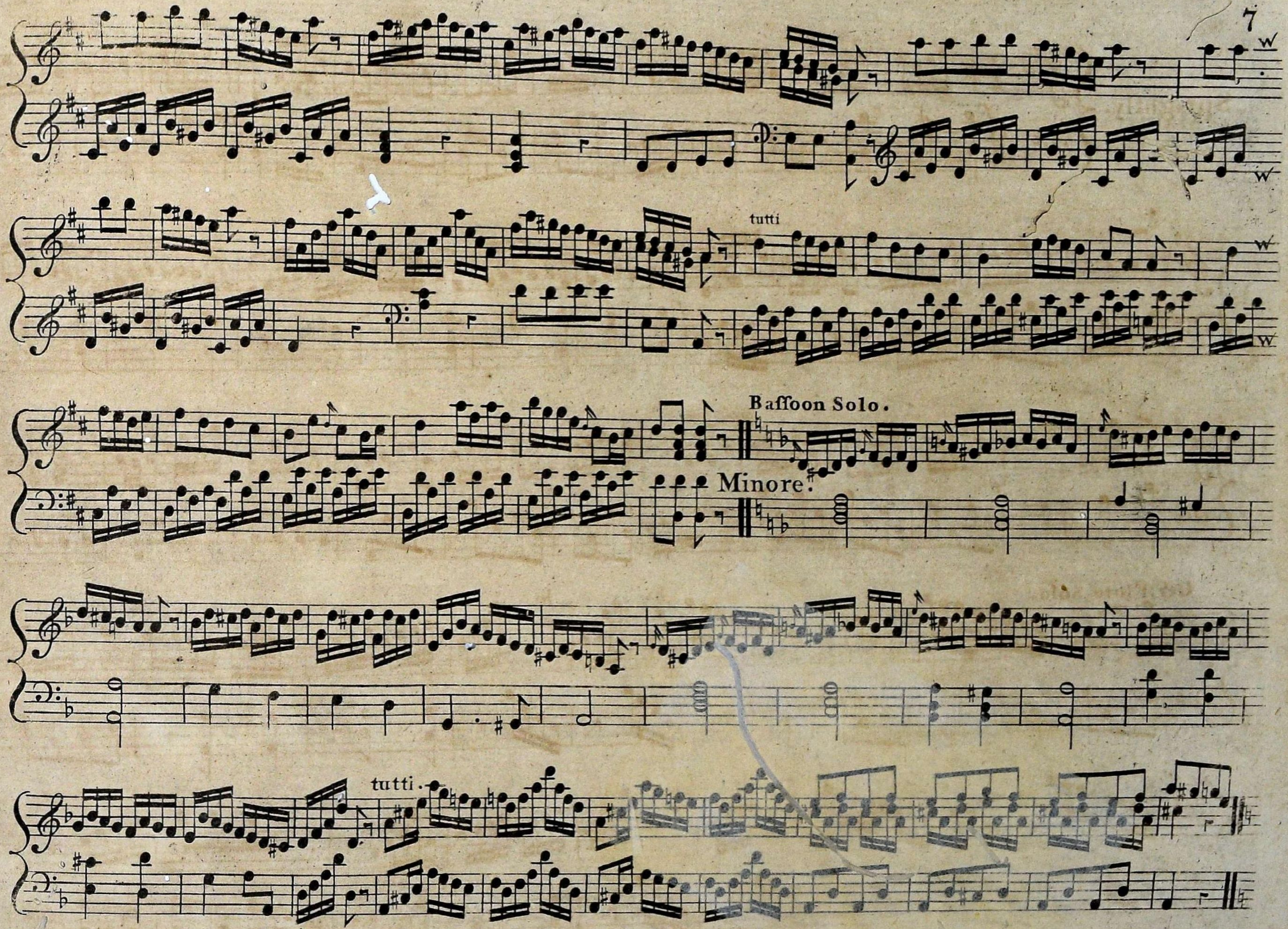
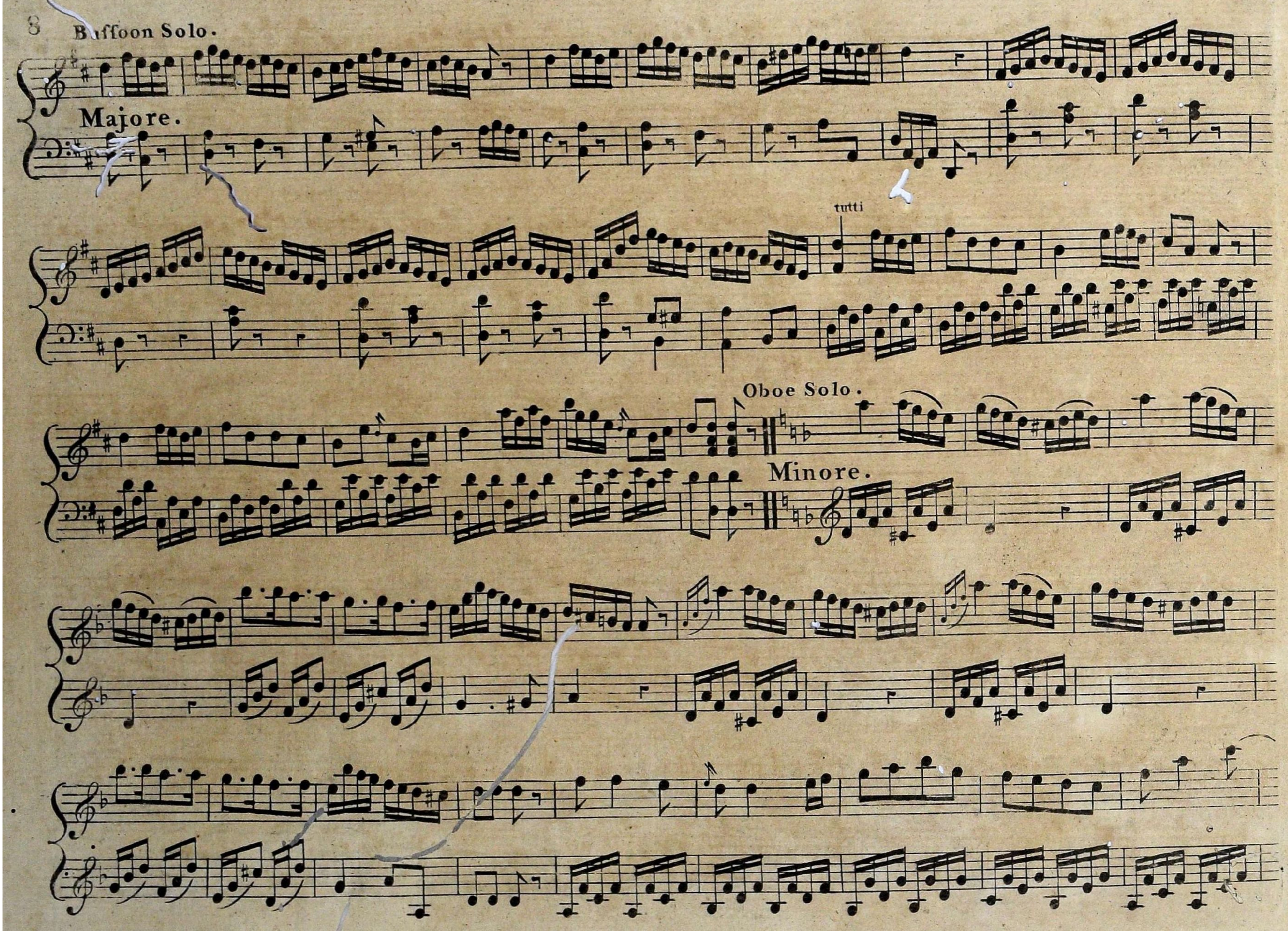
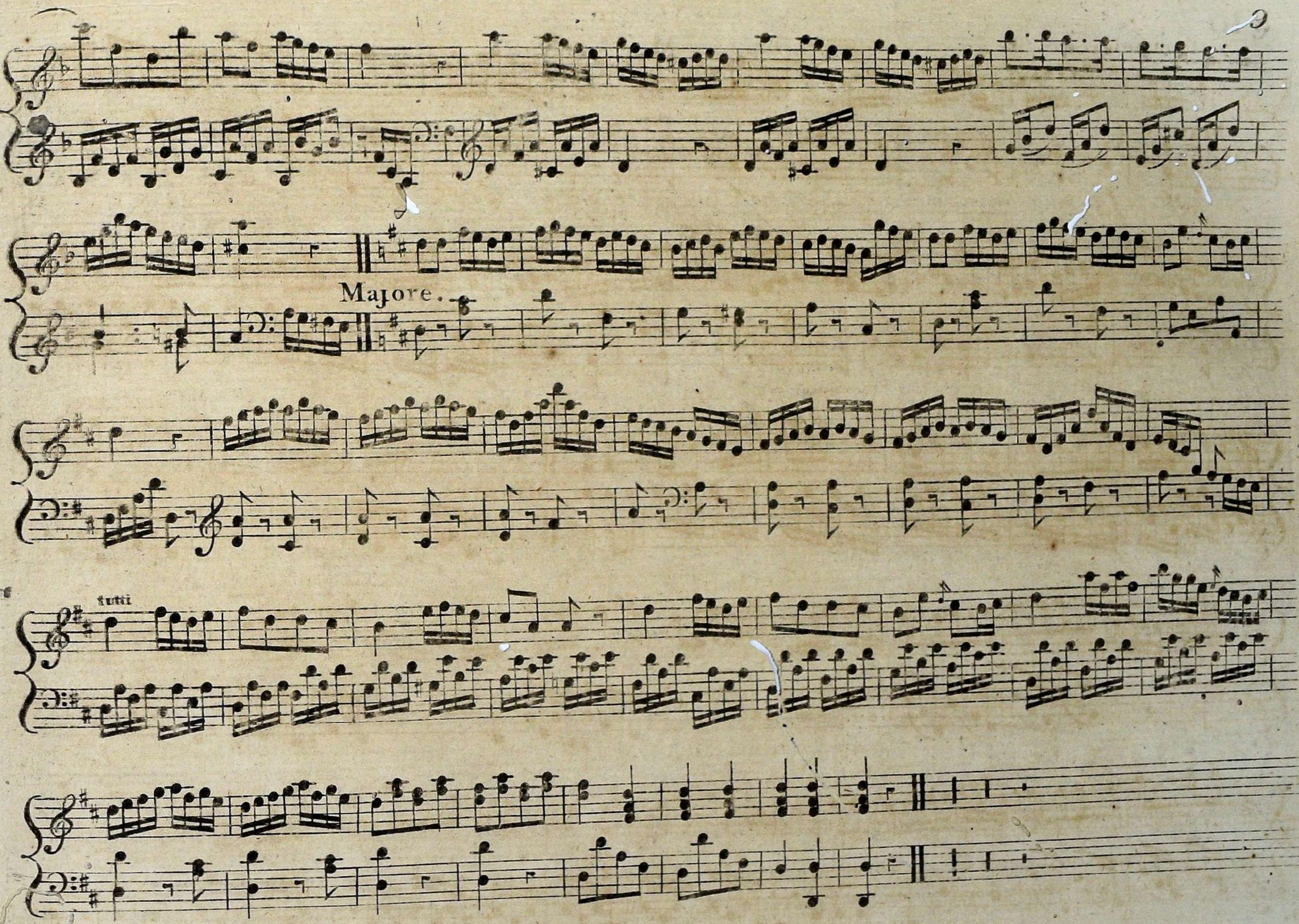

Octave Flute and Baffoon Unis.
Andante.
tutti
f
w
p
f

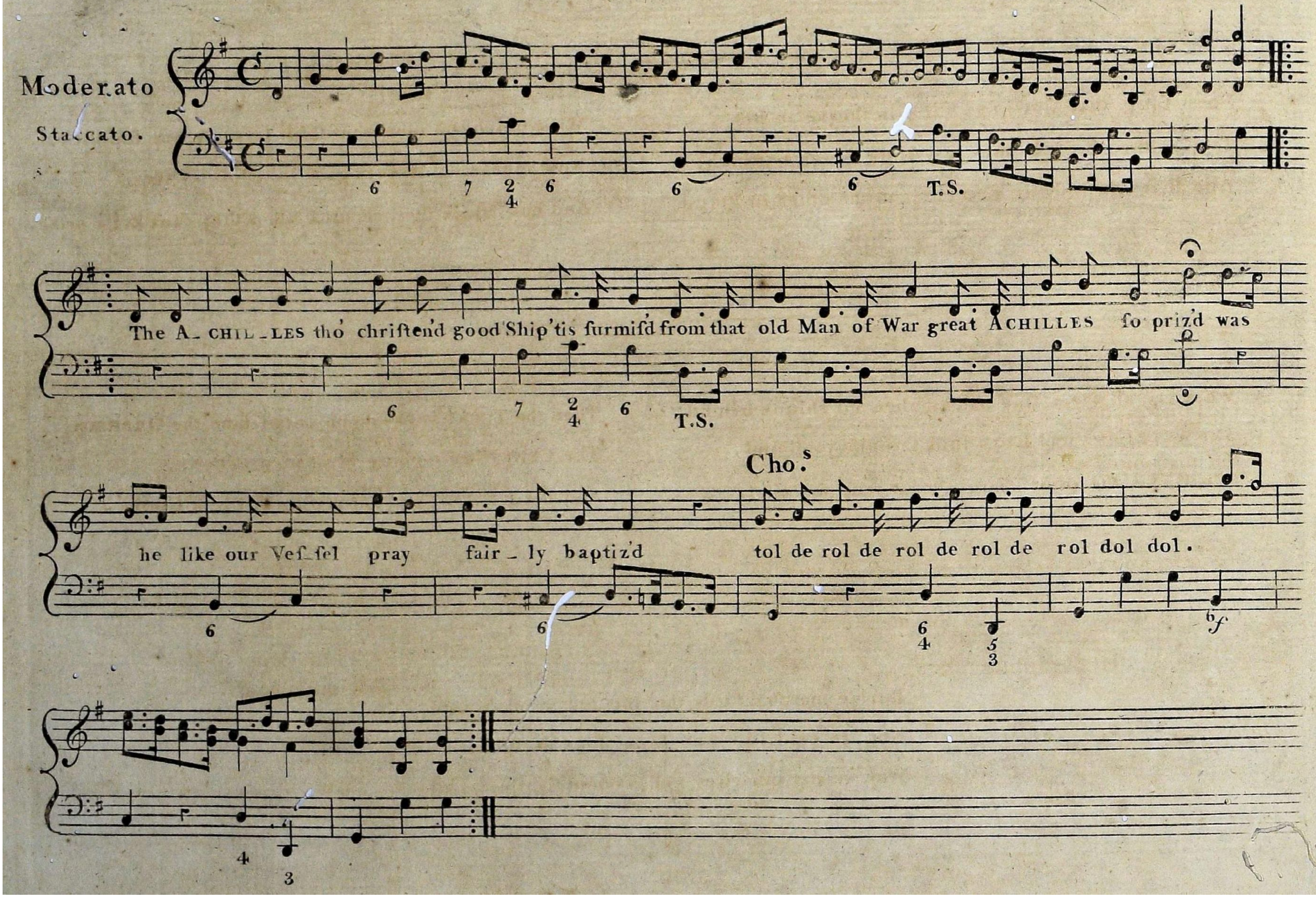

Sprightly.
p
f
p
f
Ger:Flute Solo.
tr


tutti
Baffoon Solo.
Minore.
tutti.


Baſſoon Solo.
Majore.
tutti
Oboe Solo.
Minore.


Majore.
tutti

Sung by Mr. Meadows.



2

Poets sung that ACHILLES _ if now they've an itch
To sing this, future ages may know which is which,
And that one rode in GREECE, and the other in PITCH.

3

What tho' but a merchant ship! sure are our supplies,
Now your man of war's gain in a lottery lyes,
And how blank they all look, when they can't get a prize.

4

What are all their fine names! when no rhino's behind,
The INTREPID and LION look sheepish you'll find,
Whilst, alas! the poor ÆOLUS can't raise the wind.

5

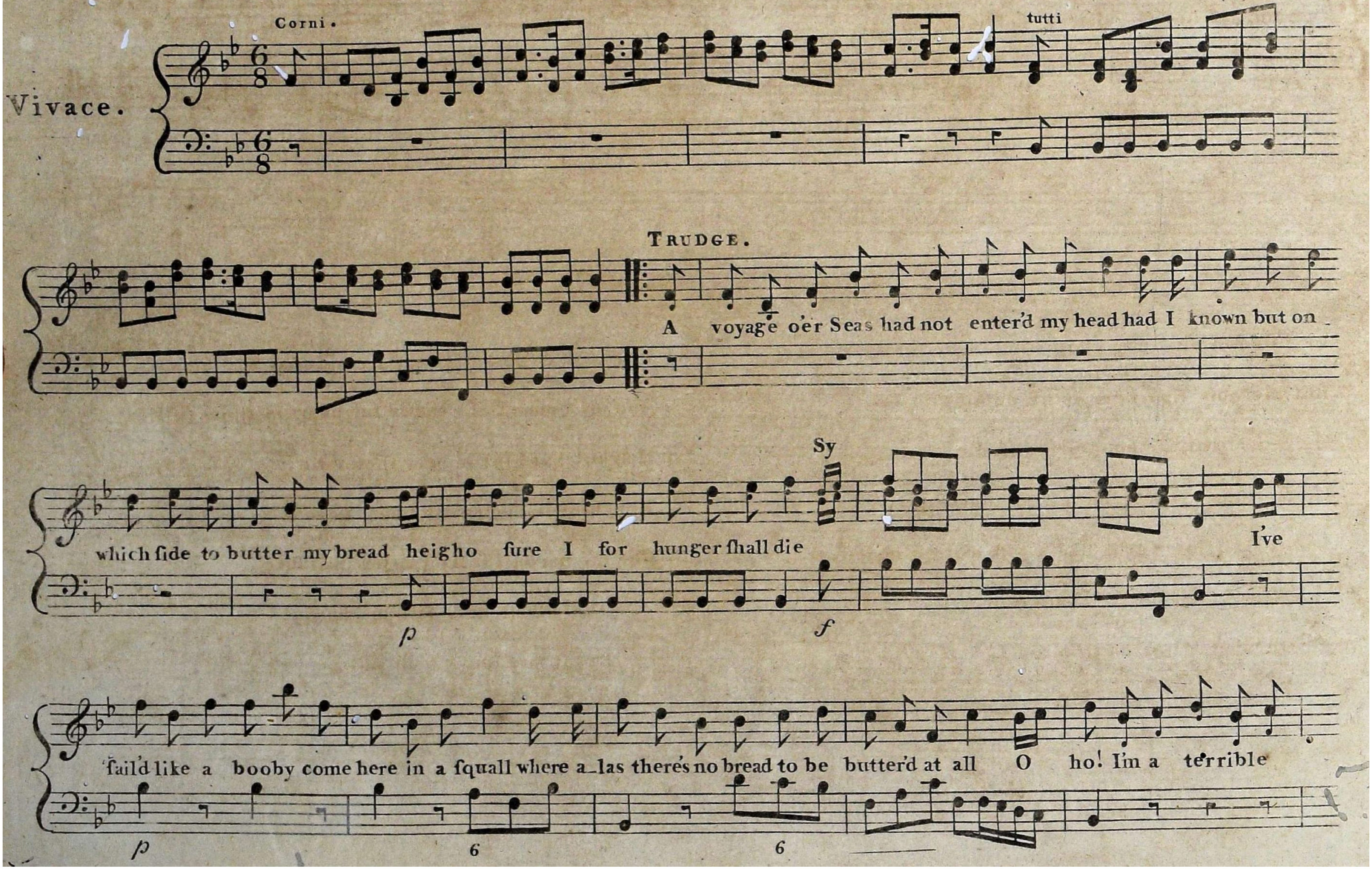
Then the THUNDERER'S dumb, out of tune the ORPHEUS,
The CERES has nothing at all to produce,
And the EAGLE I warrant you looks like a GOOSE.

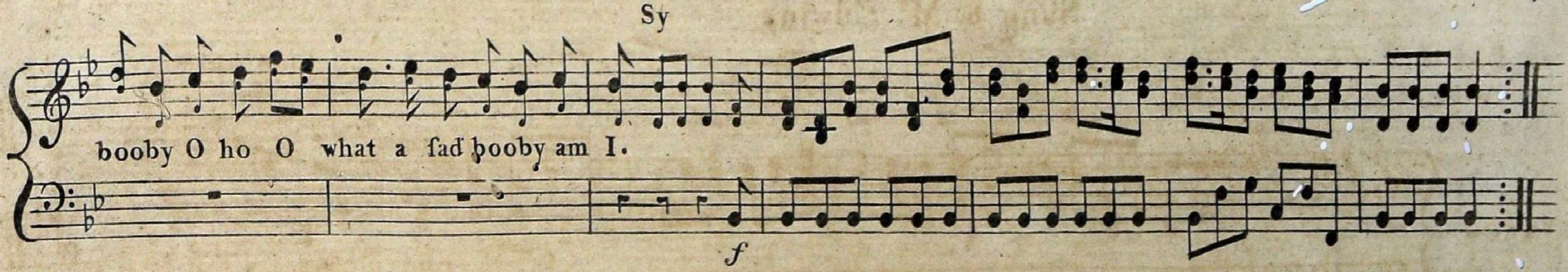
6

But we merchant lads, tho' the foe we can't maul,
Nor are paid like fine King ships to fight at a call,
Why we pay ourselves well, without fighting at all.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

(Laſt Valentines day)





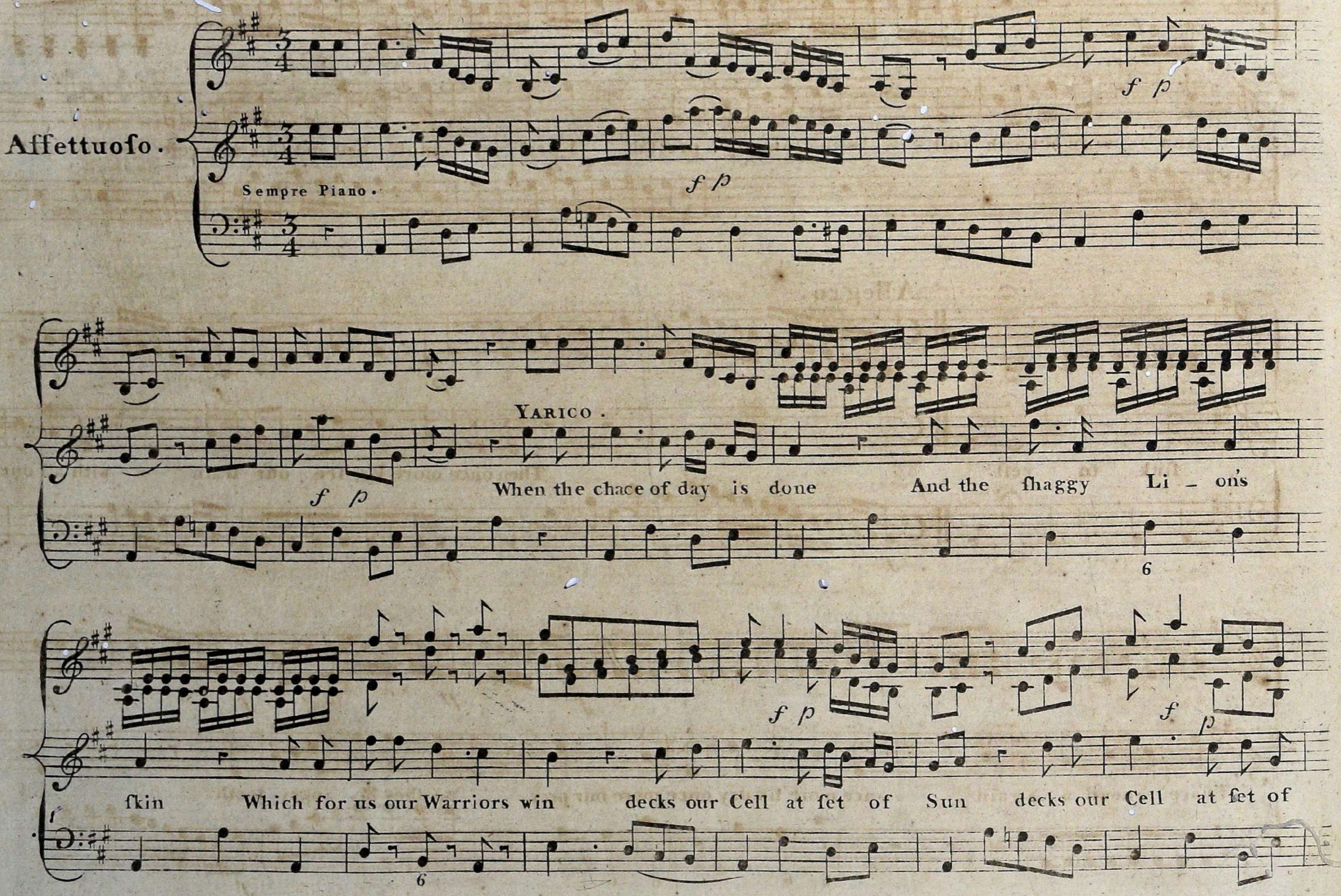
2

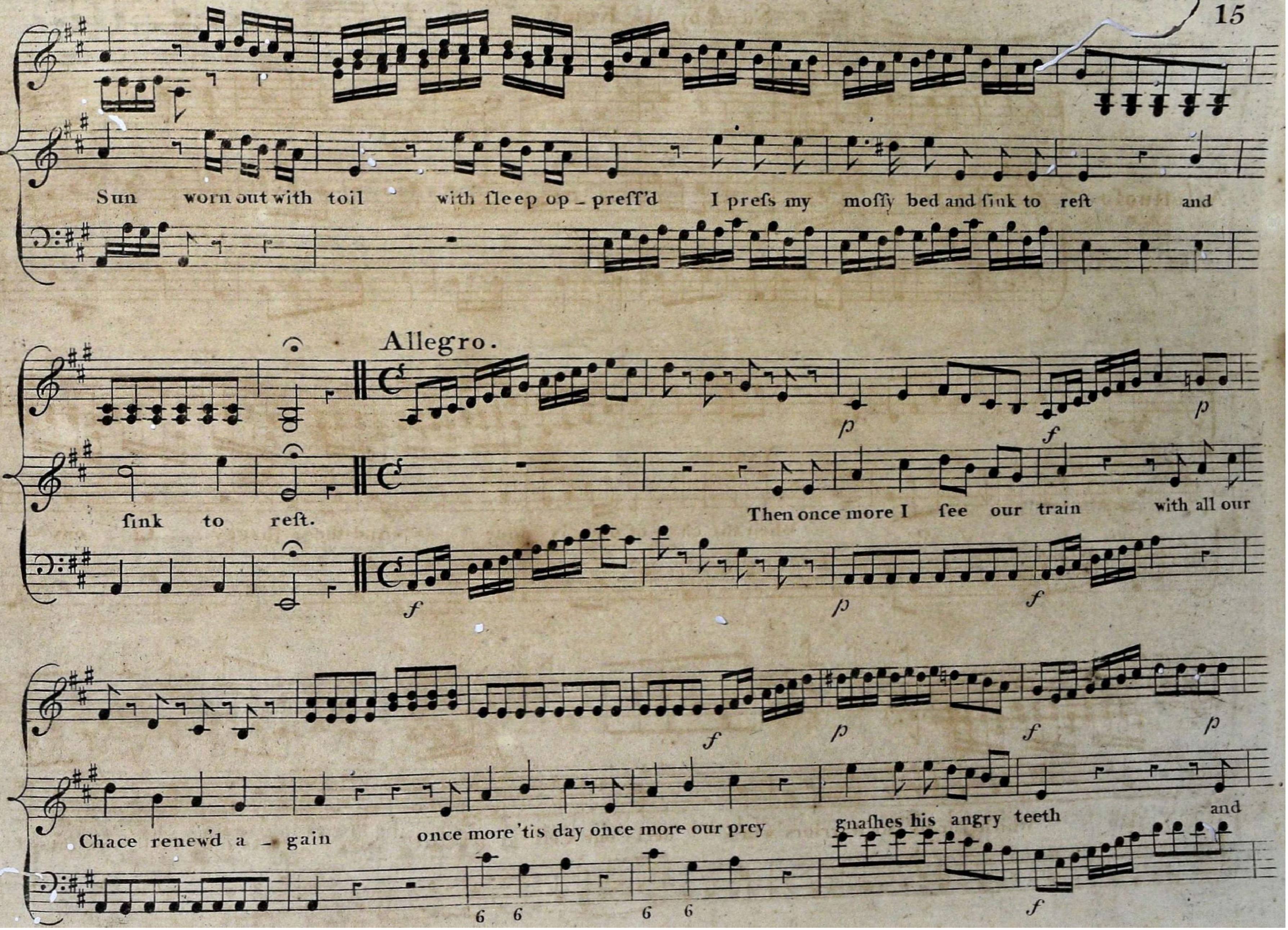
In London, what gay chop houſe ſigns in the ſtreet.
But the only ſign here, is of nothing to eat.
Heigho! that I, for hunger ſhou'd die!
My mutton's all loſt, I'm a poor ſtarving elf;
And for all the world like a loſt mutton myſelf.
Oho! I ſhall die a loſt mutton!
Oh what a loſt mutton am I!

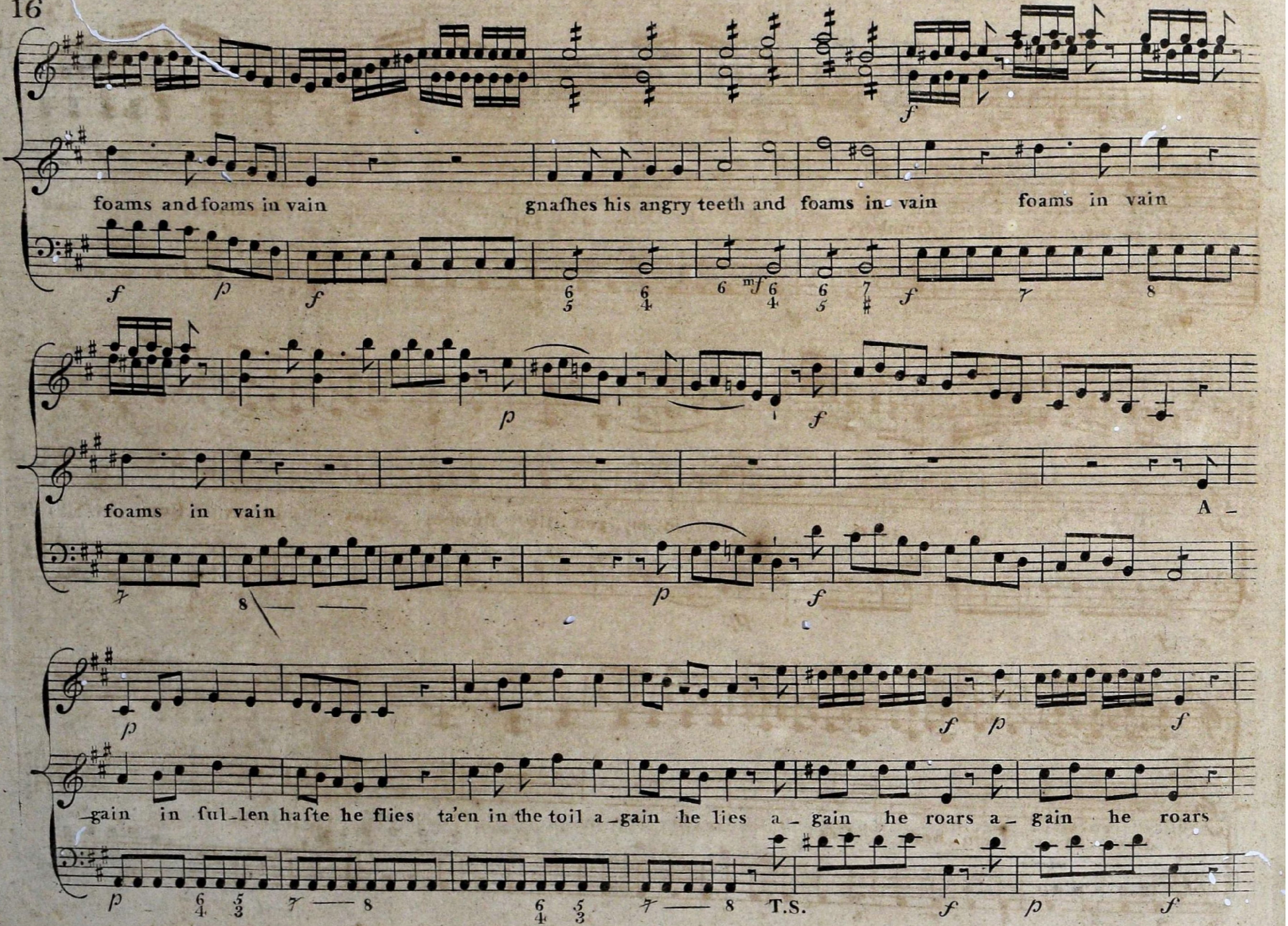
3

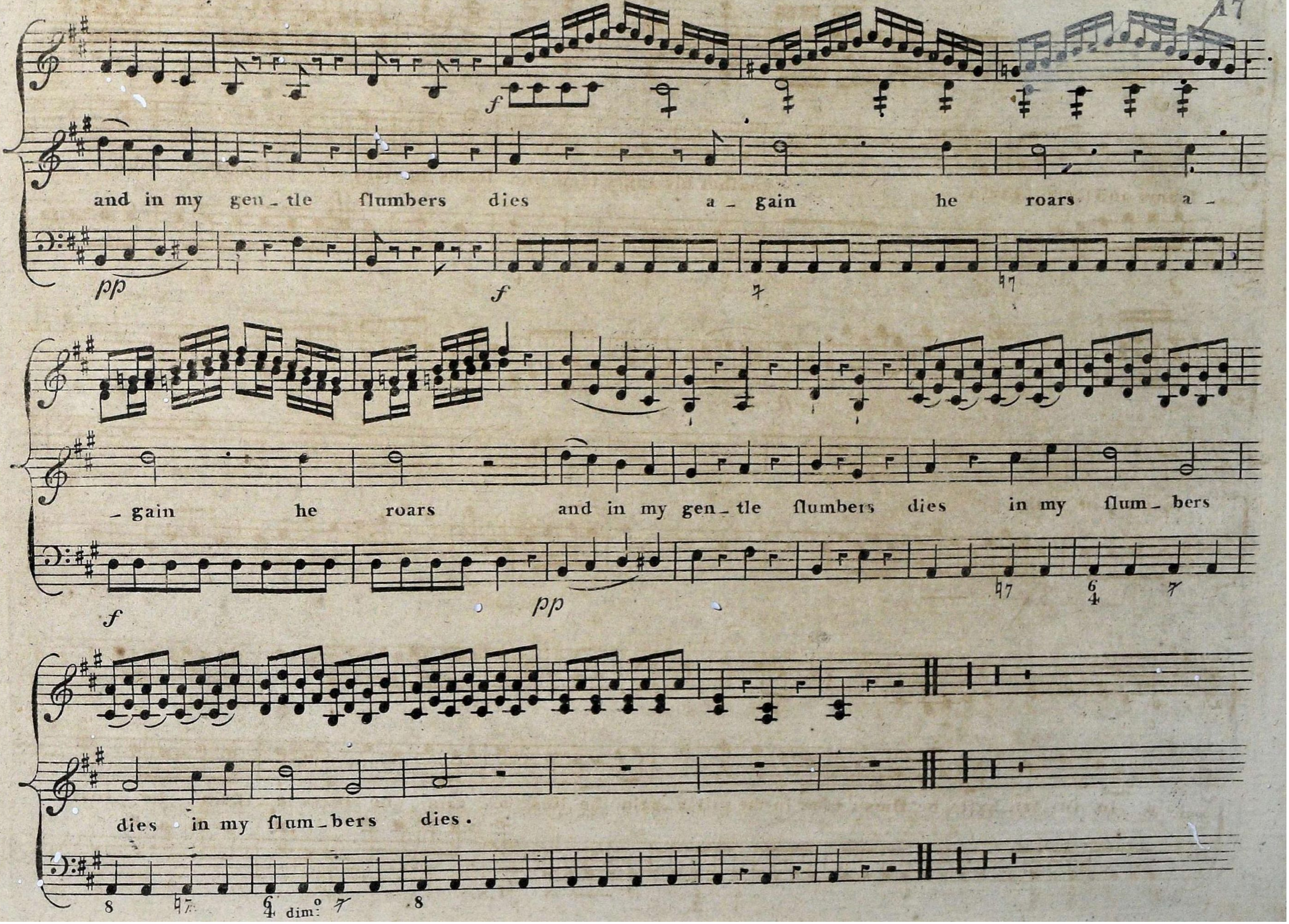
For a neat ſlice of beef, I cou'd roar like a bull,
And my ſtomach's ſo empty, my heart is quite full.
Heigho! that I, for hunger ſhou'd die!
But, here without meat, I muſt here meet my grave;
For my bacon I fancy I never ſhall ſave.
O, ho! I ſhall ne'er ſave my bacon!
I can't ſave my bacon not I!

Sung by M.rs Kemble.



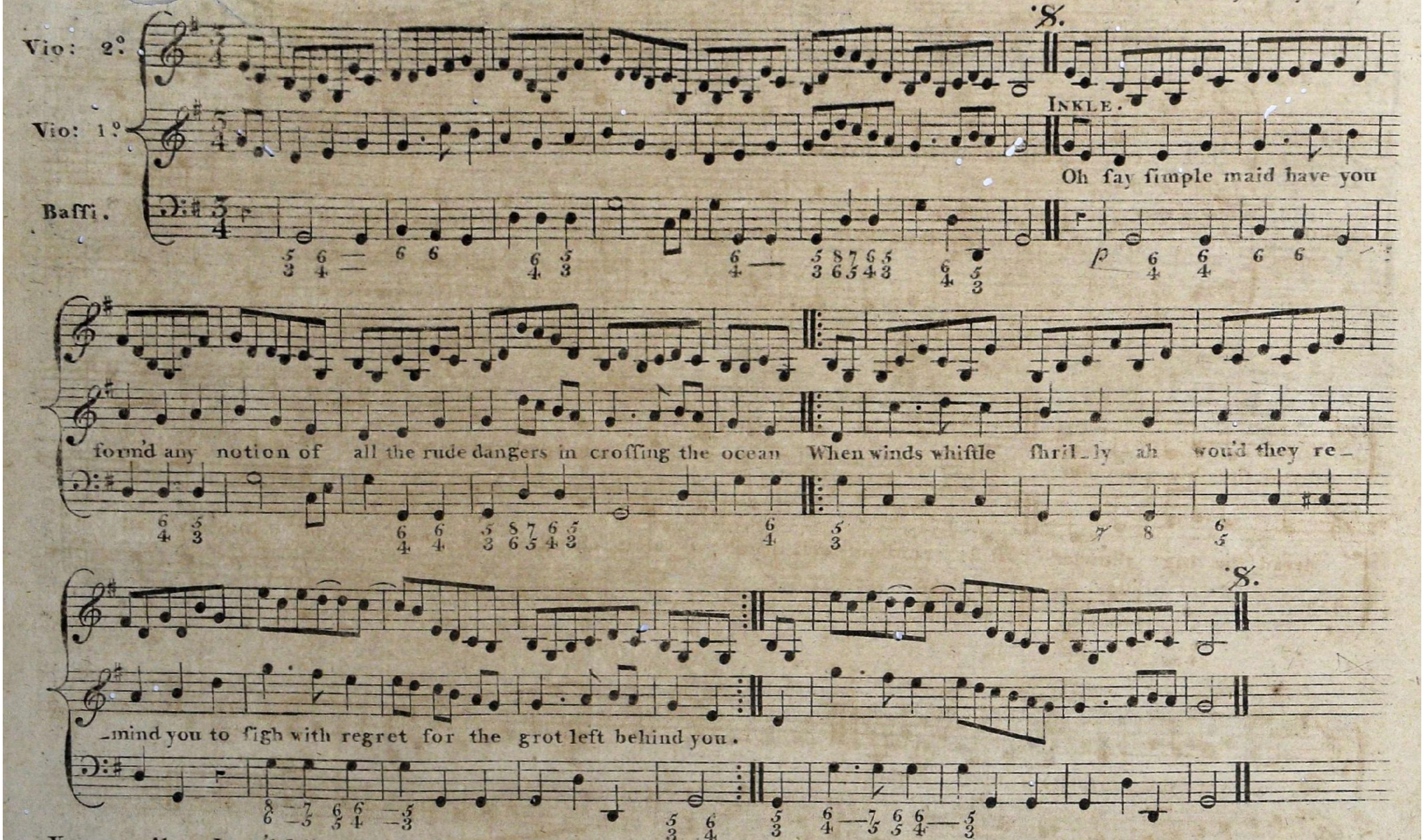

Sun worn out with toil with sleep op _ press'd I press my mossy bed and sink to rest and
Allegro.
sink to rest.
Then once more I see our train with all our
Chace renew'd a _ gain once more 'tis day once more our prey gnashes his angry teeth and


foams and foams in vain
gnashes his angry teeth and foams in vain foams in vain
foams in vain
A -
gain in sul-len haste he flies ta'en in the toil a-gain he lies a-gain he roars a-gain he roars
T.S.


and in my gen_tle flumbers dies a_gain he roars a_
_gain he roars and in my gen_tle flumbers dies in my flum_bers
dies in my flum_bers dies.
dim:o

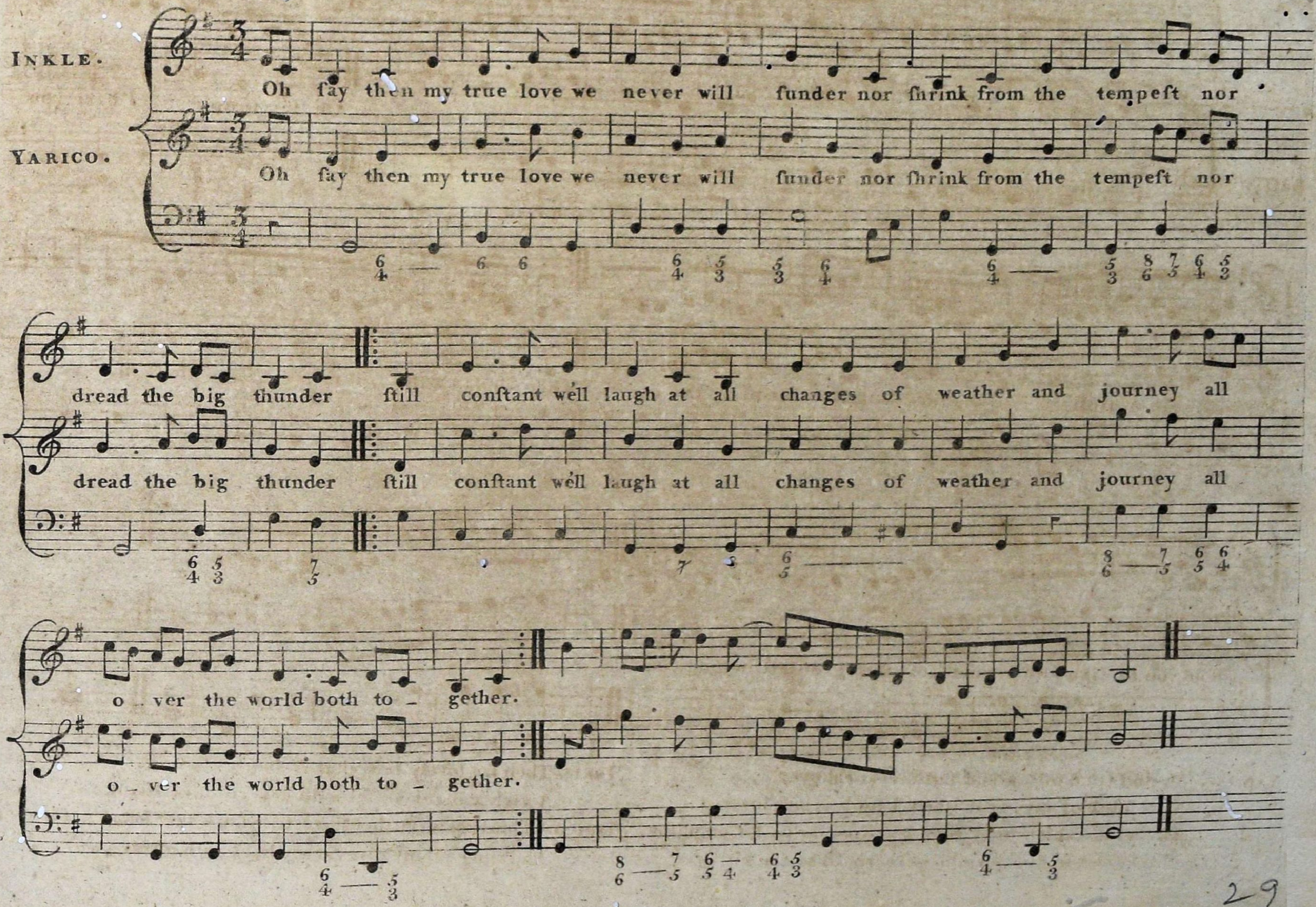
Sung by Mr. Banister & Mrs. Kemble.

(Oh say bonny Lass)



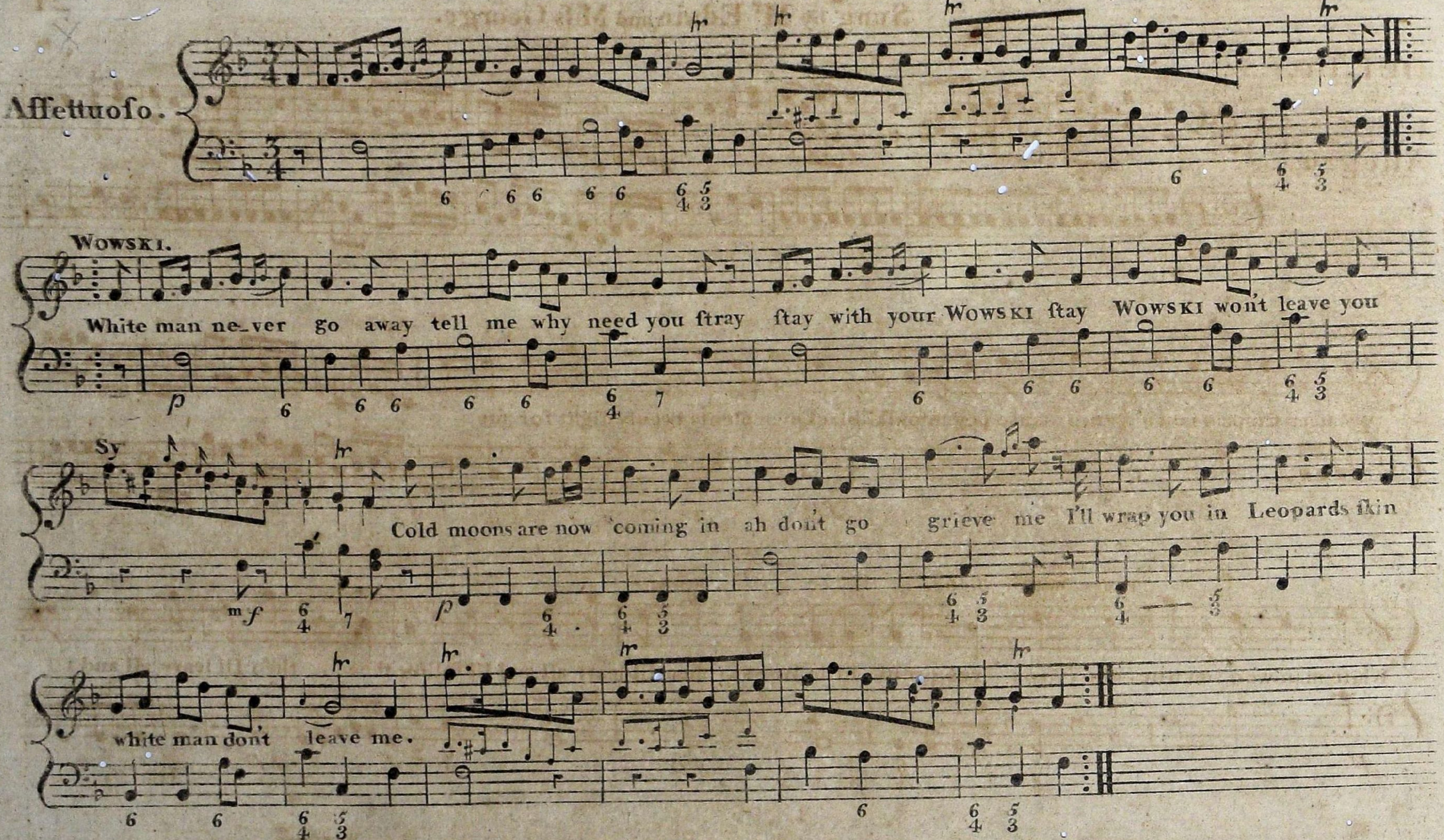
YARICO. Ah no I cou'd follow and sail the world over,
Nor think of my grot when I look at my lover;
The winds which blow round us your arms for my pillow,
Will lull us to sleep while we're rock'd by the billow.

INKLE. Then say lovely lass what if haply espying,
A rich gallant vessel with gay colours flying;
YARICO. I'll journey with thee love to where the land narrows,
And fling all my cares at my back with my arrows.


Inkle.
Yarico.
Oh ſay then my true love we never will ſunder nor ſhrink from the tempeſt nor
Oh ſay then my true love we never will ſunder nor ſhrink from the tempeſt nor
dread the big thunder ſtill conſtant we'll laugh at all changes of weather and journey all
dread the big thunder ſtill conſtant we'll laugh at all changes of weather and journey all
o _ ver the world both to _ gether.
o _ ver the world both to _ gether.

Sung by Mifs George.

(One day I heard Mary fay.)



2

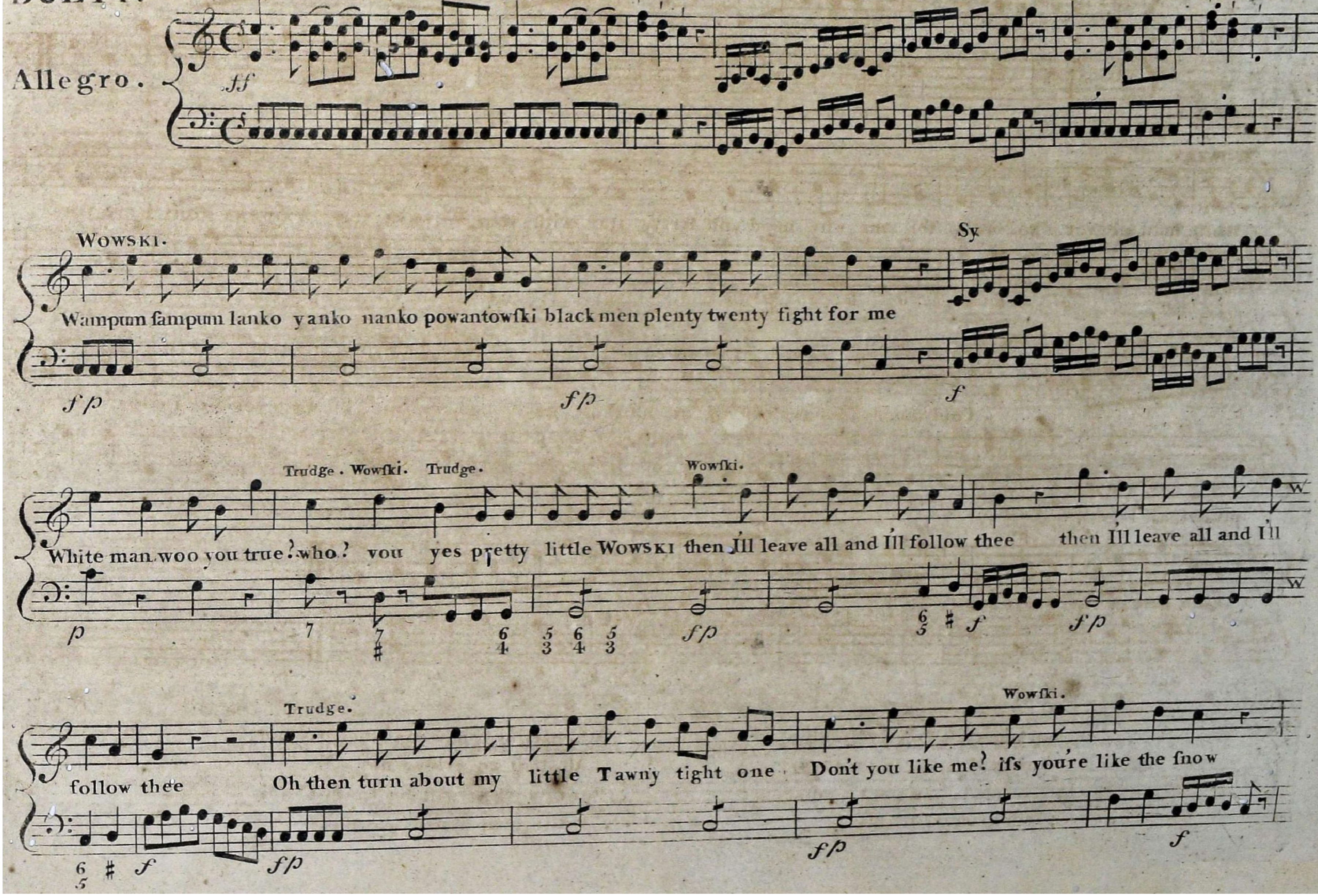
And when all the fky is blue,
Sun makes warm weather;
I'll catch you a Cock-a-too,
Drefs you in feather:

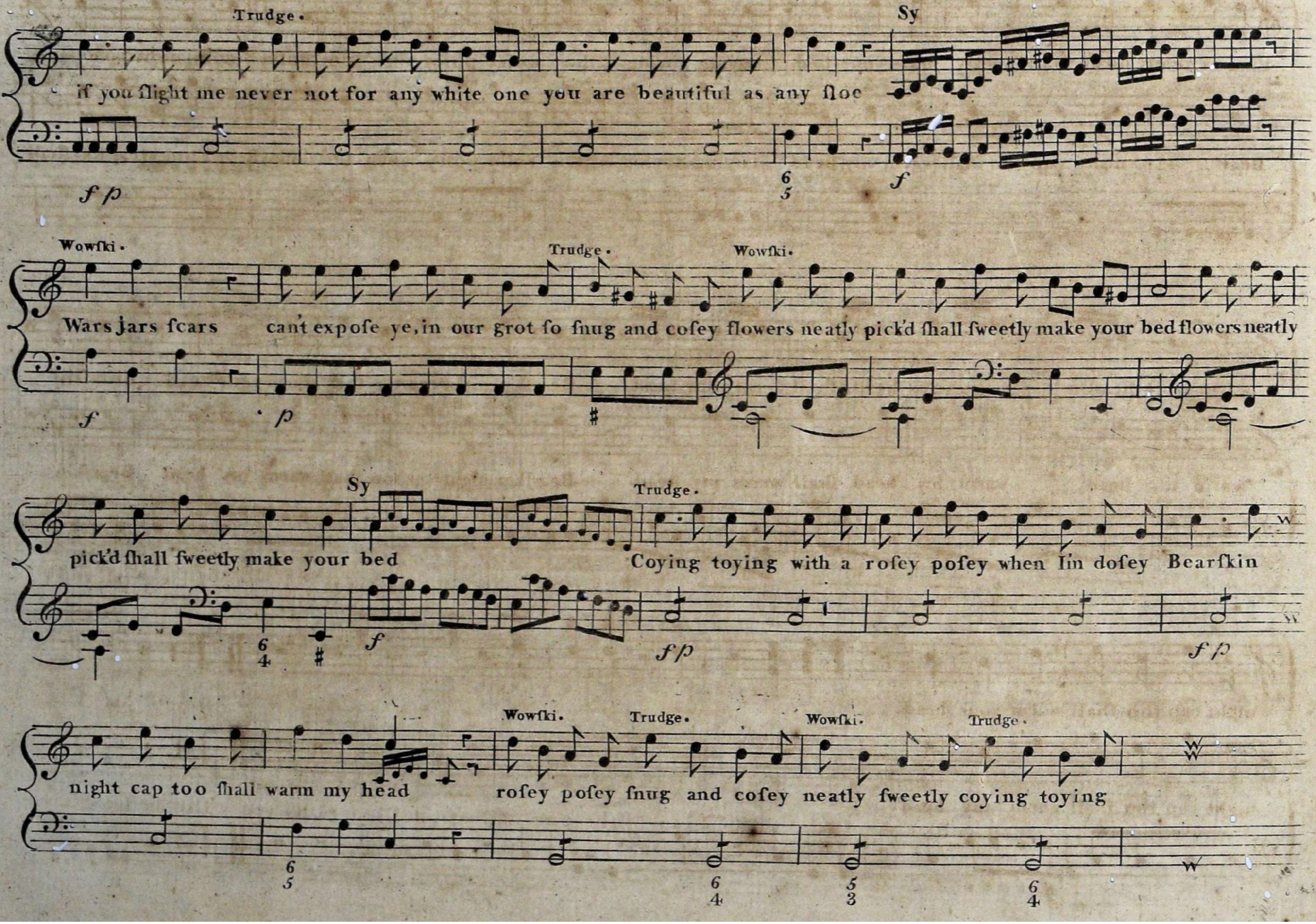
When cold comes or when 'tis hot,
Ah, don't go grieve me;
Poor Wowski will be forgot,
White man don't leave me.

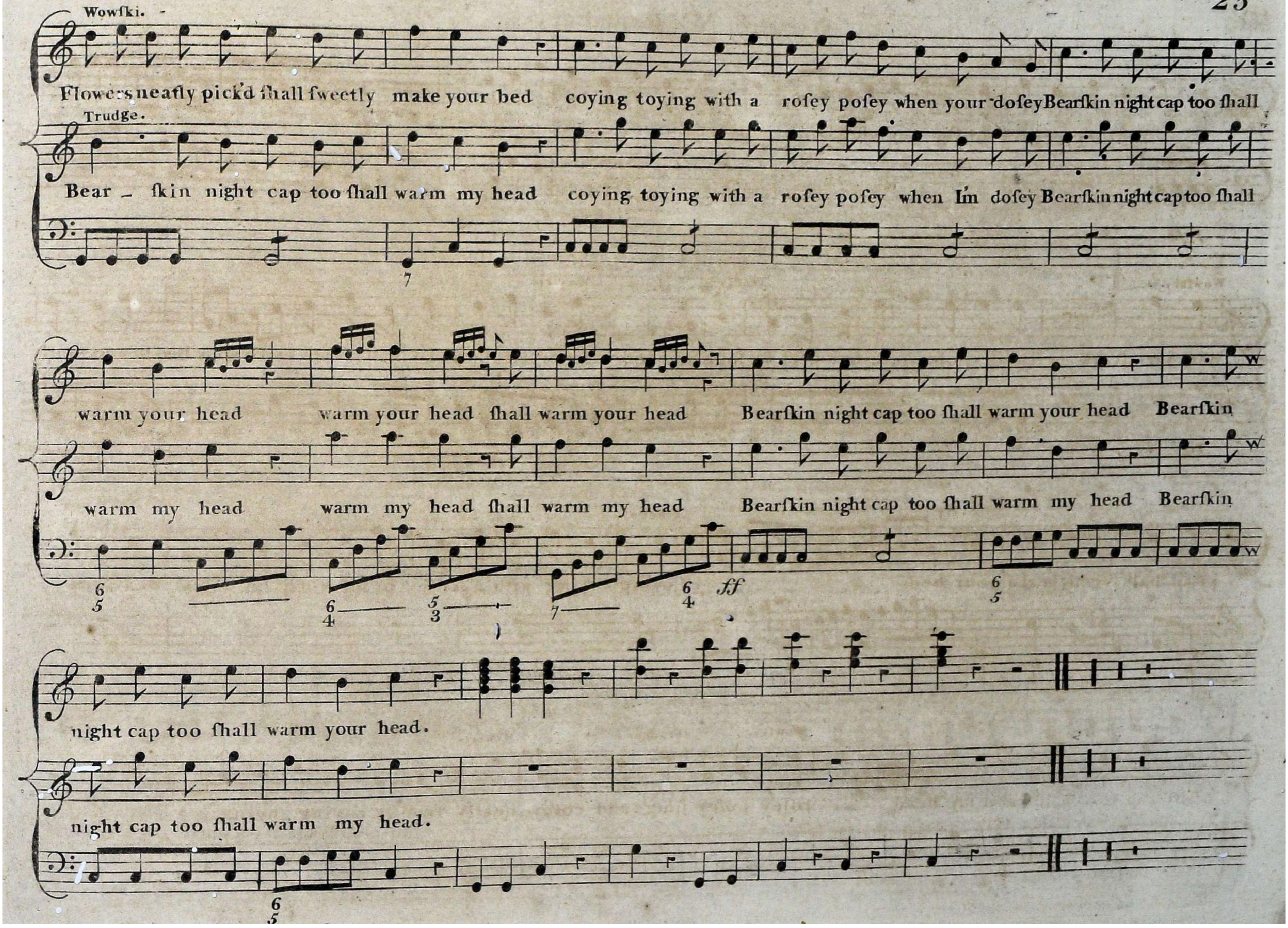
Sung by Mr Edwin, and Miss George.

DUETT.

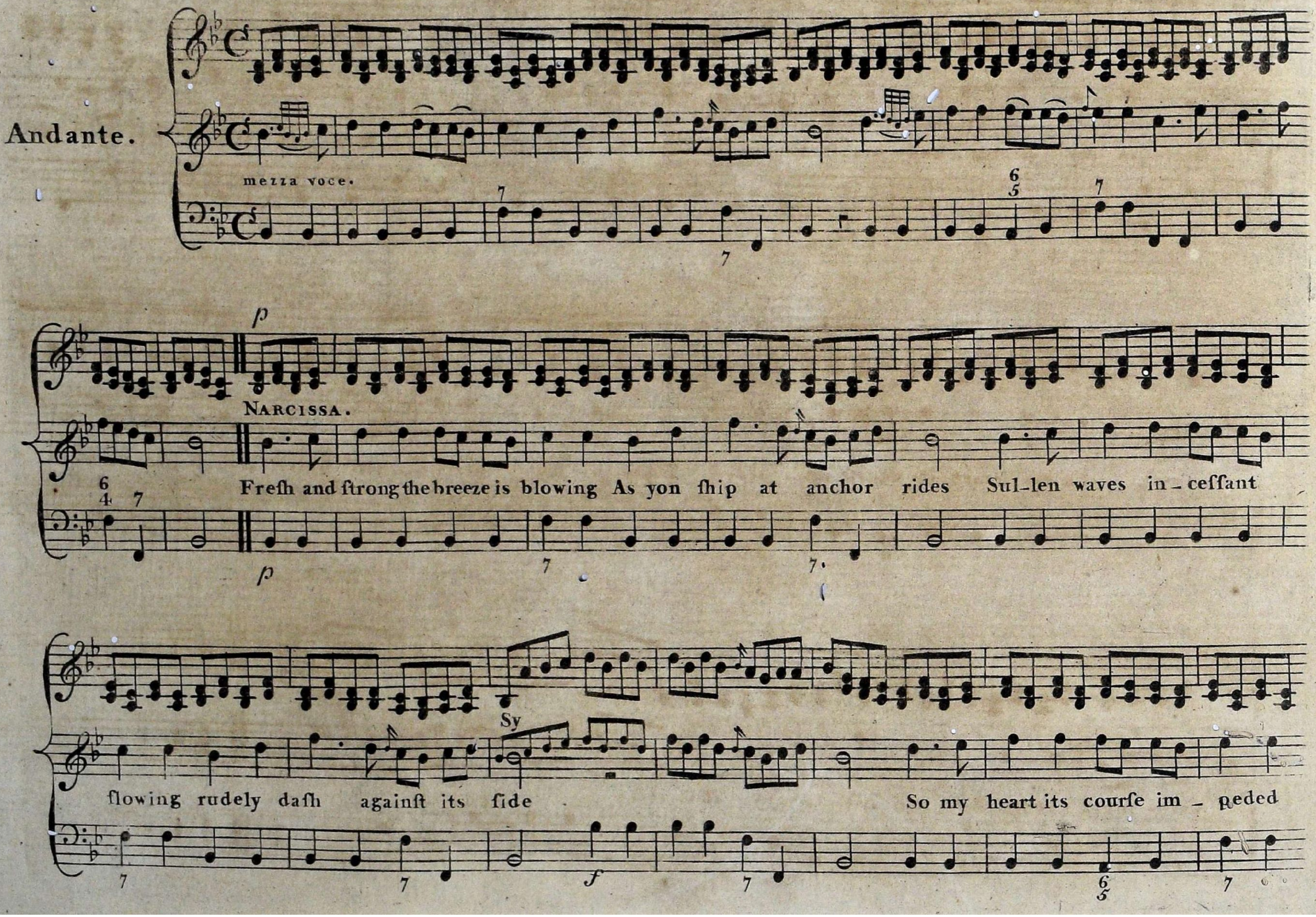
Allegro.

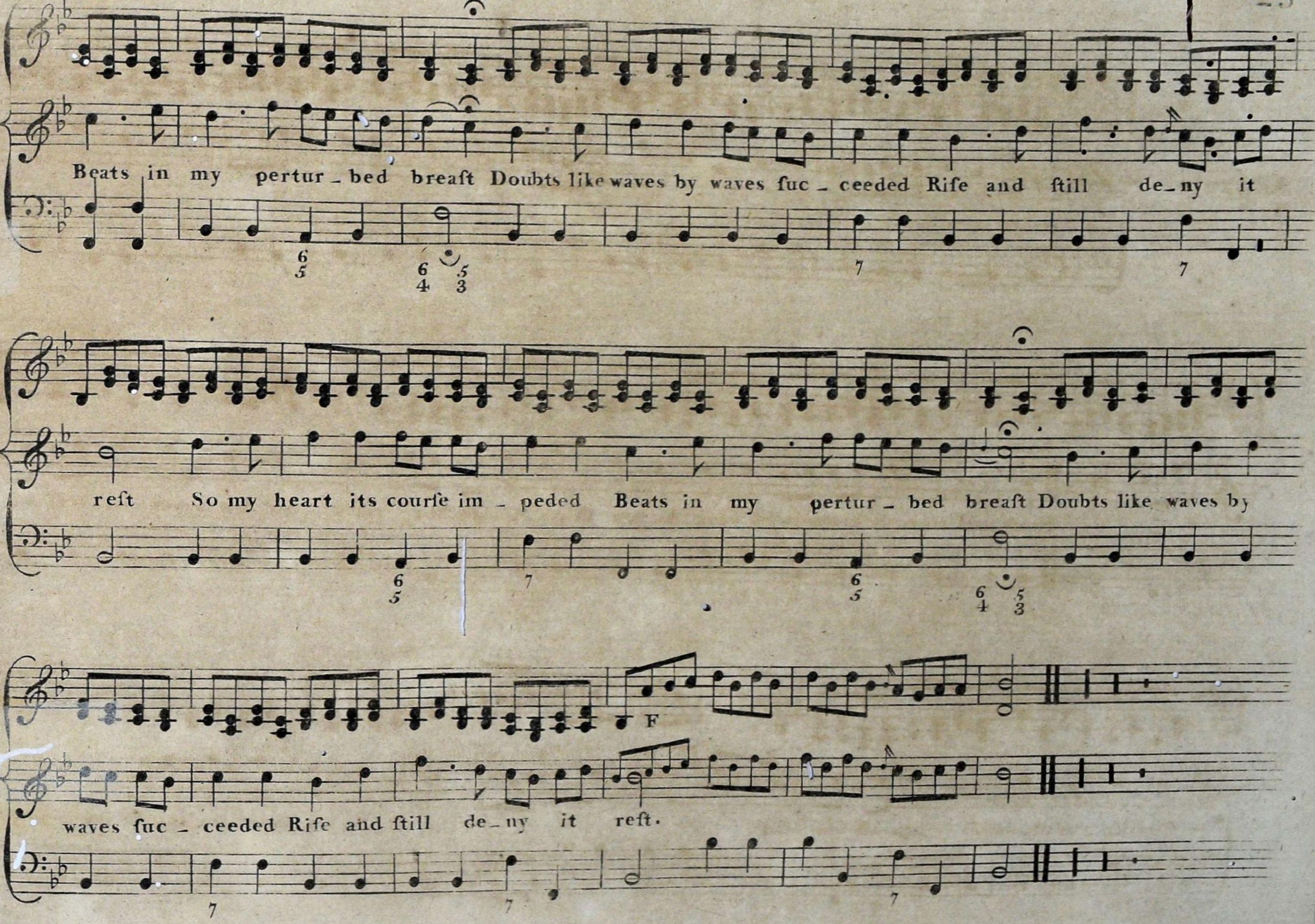



Trudge.
Sy
if you flight me never not for any white one you are beautiful as any floe
Wowfki.
Trudge.
Wowfki.
Wars jars fcars can't expofe ye, in our grot fo fnug and cofey flowers neatly pick'd fhall fweetly make your bed flowers neatly
Sy
Trudge.
pick'd fhall fweetly make your bed Coying toying with a rofey pofey when I'm dofey Bearfkin
Wowfki.
Trudge.
Wowfki.
Trudge.
night cap too fhall warm my head rofey pofey fnug and cofey neatly fweetly coying toying

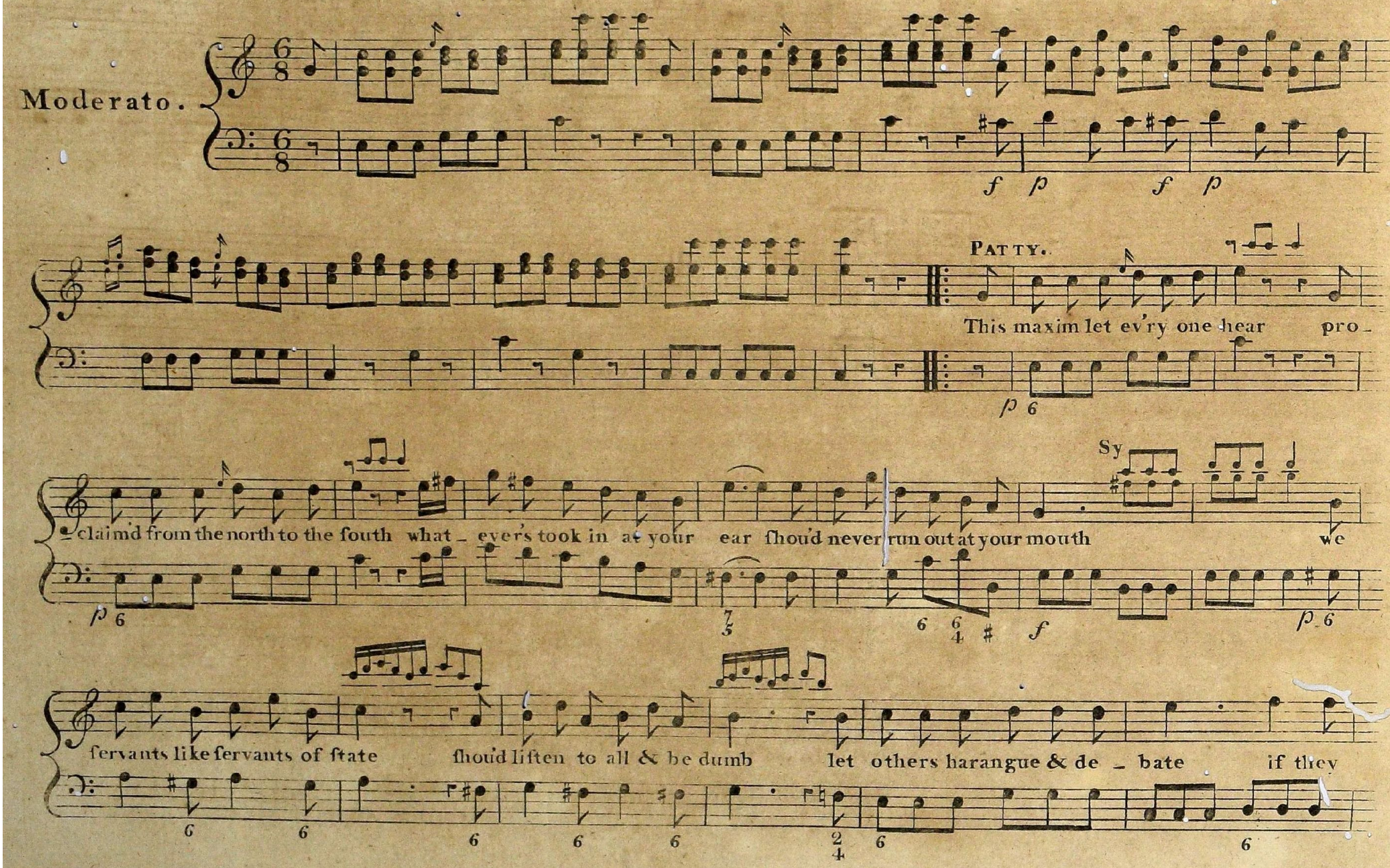

Wowſki.
Flowers neatly pick'd ſhall ſweetly make your bed coying toying with a roſey poſey when your doſey Bearſkin night cap too ſhall
Trudge.
Bear _ ſkin night cap too ſhall warm my head coying toying with a roſey poſey when I'm doſey Bearſkin night cap too ſhall
7
warm your head warm your head ſhall warm your head Bearſkin night cap too ſhall warm your head Bearſkin
warm my head warm my head ſhall warm my head Bearſkin night cap too ſhall warm my head Bearſkin
6 5
6 4
5 3
7
6 4
ff
6 5
night cap too ſhall warm your head.
night cap too ſhall warm my head.
6 5

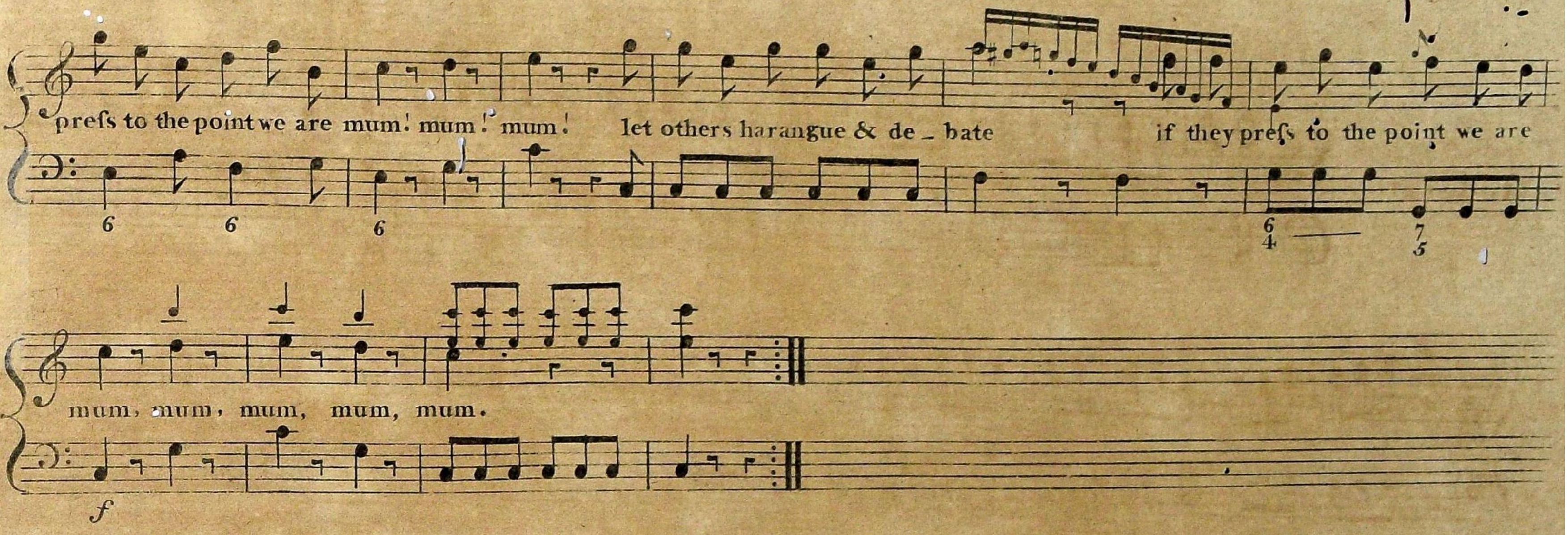
Sung by Mrs. Bannister.




Beats in my pertur _ bed breast Doubts like waves by waves suc _ ceeded Rise and still de _ ny it
6 5 6 4 5 3 7 7
rest So my heart its course im _ peded Beats in my pertur _ bed breast Doubts like waves by
6 5 7 6 5 6 4 5 3
F
waves suc _ ceeded Rise and still de _ ny it rest.
7 7 7

Sung by Mrs. Forſter.





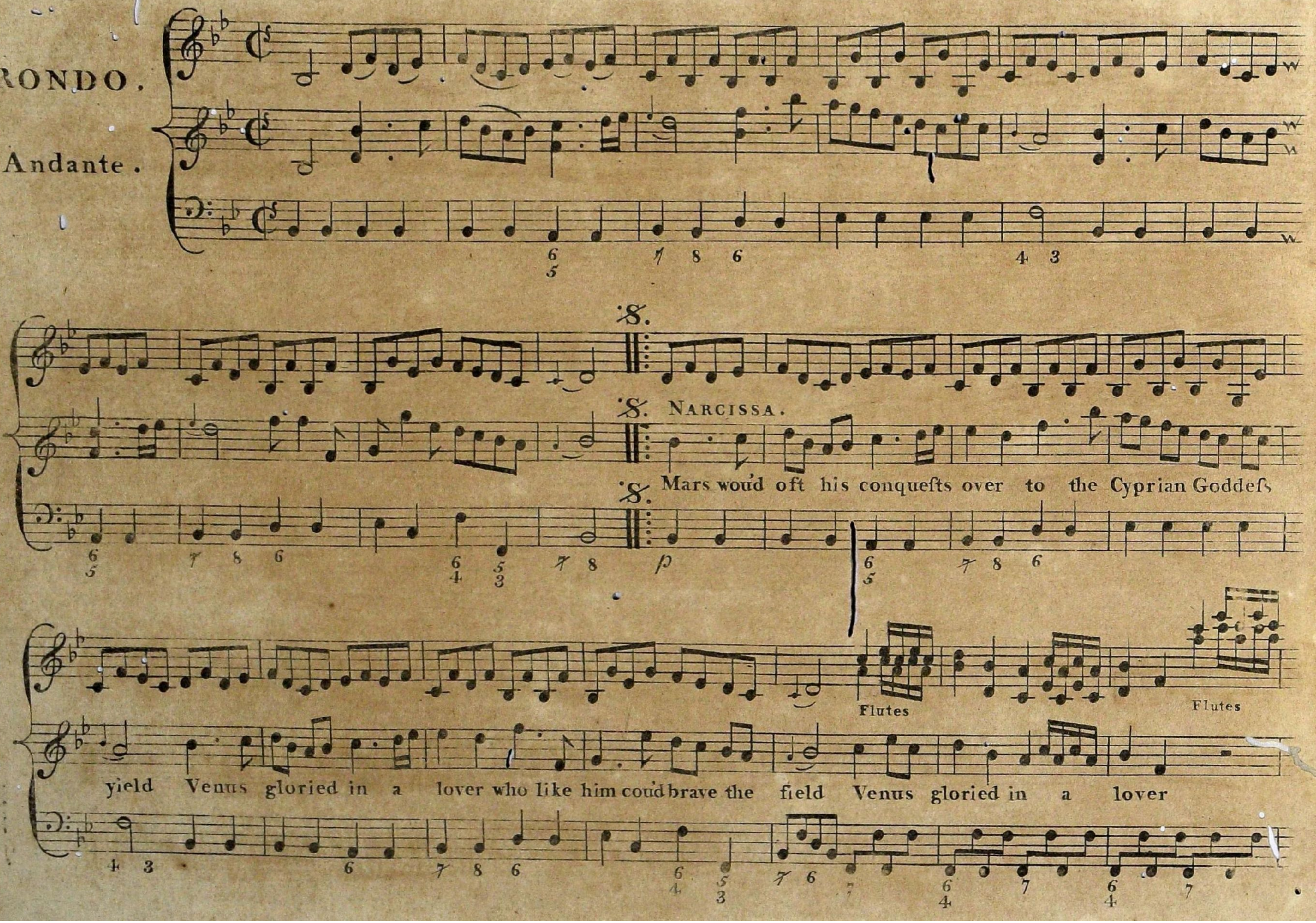
2

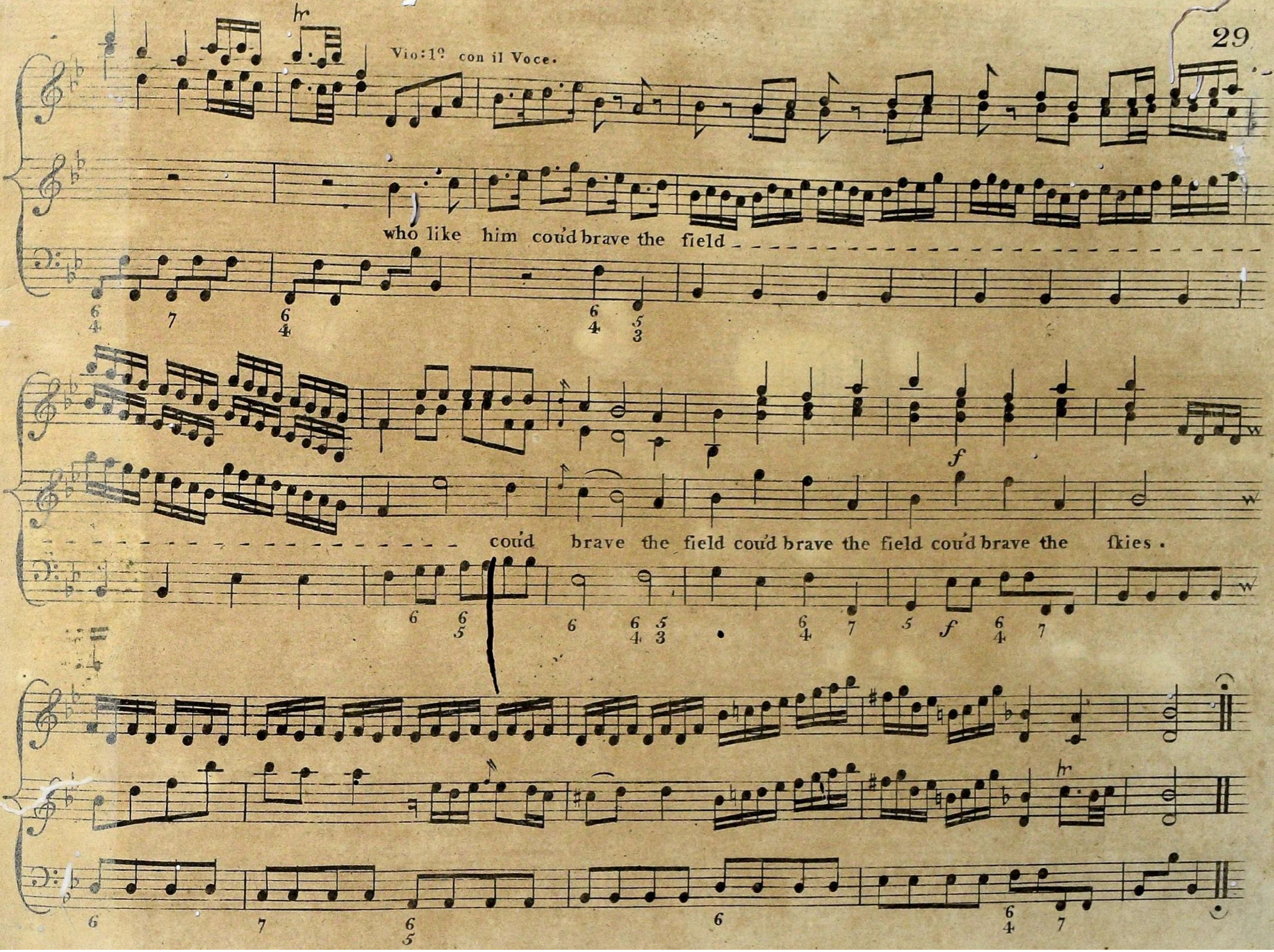
The Judge in dull dignity dreſt,
In ſilence hears Barriſters preach;
And then to prove ſilence is beſt,
He'll get up and give them a ſpeech:
By ſaying but little, the maid
Will keep her ſwain under her thumb;
And the lover that's true to her trade,
Is certain to kiſs, and cry mum.

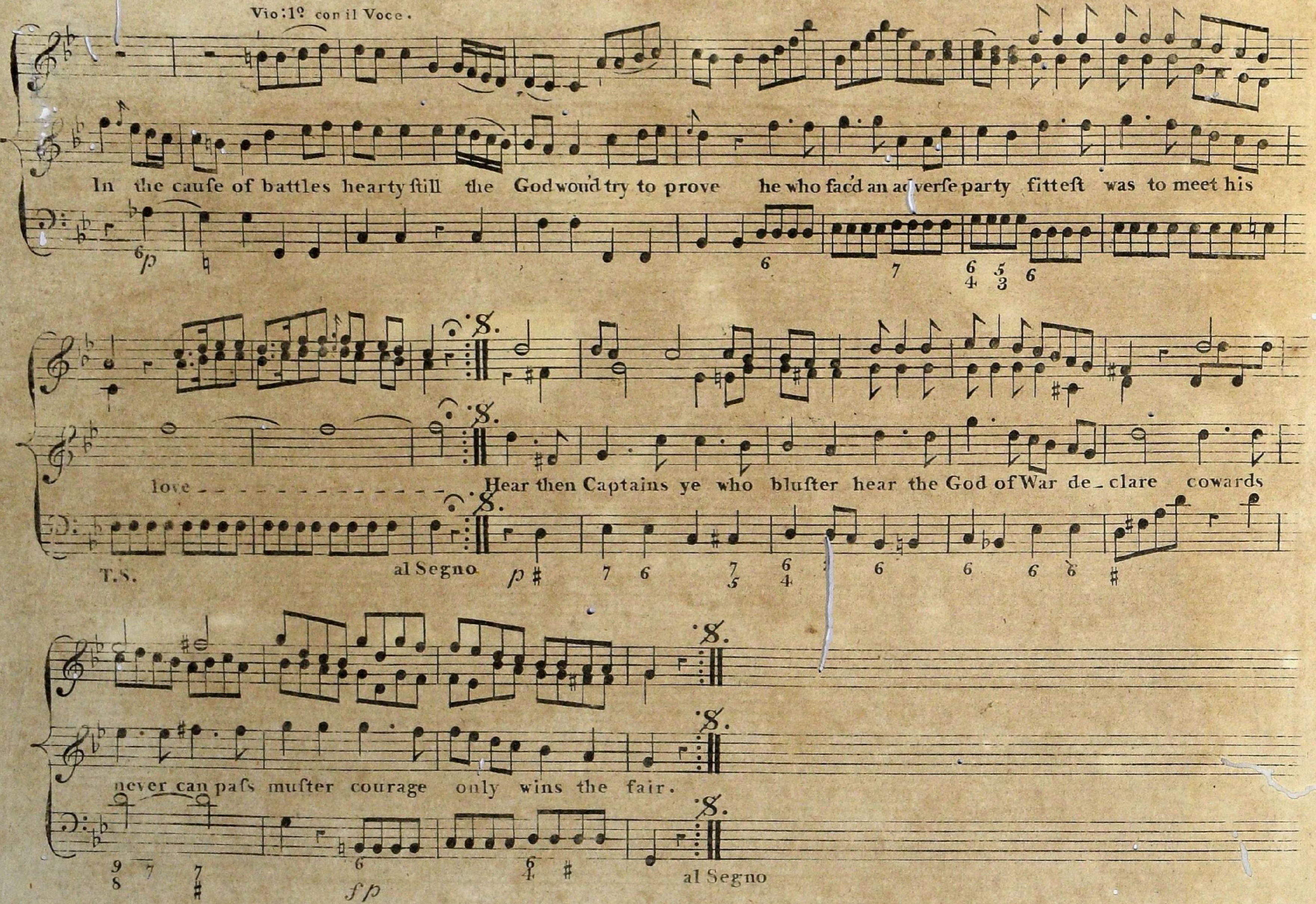
Sung by Mrs. Banister.

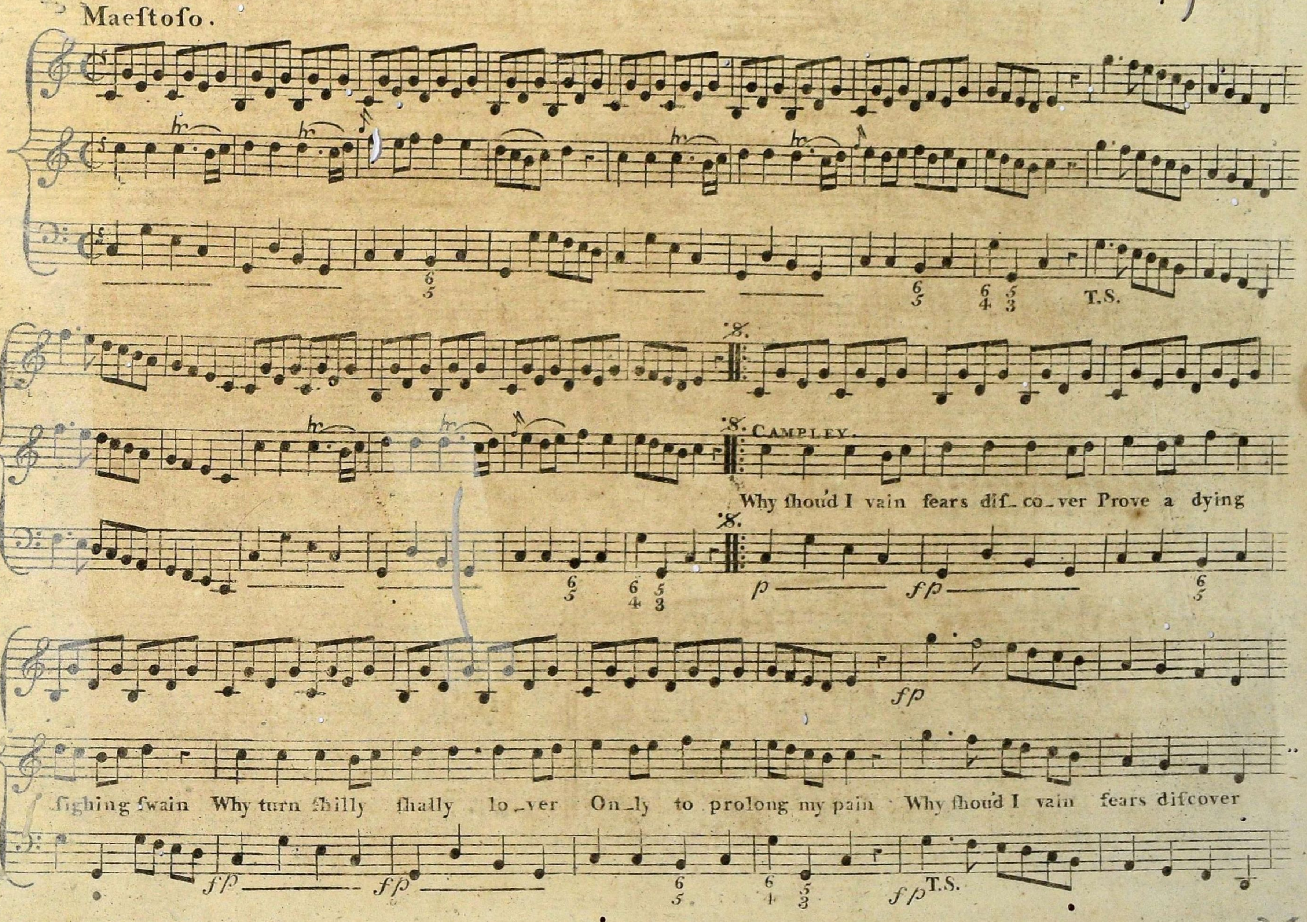
RONDO.

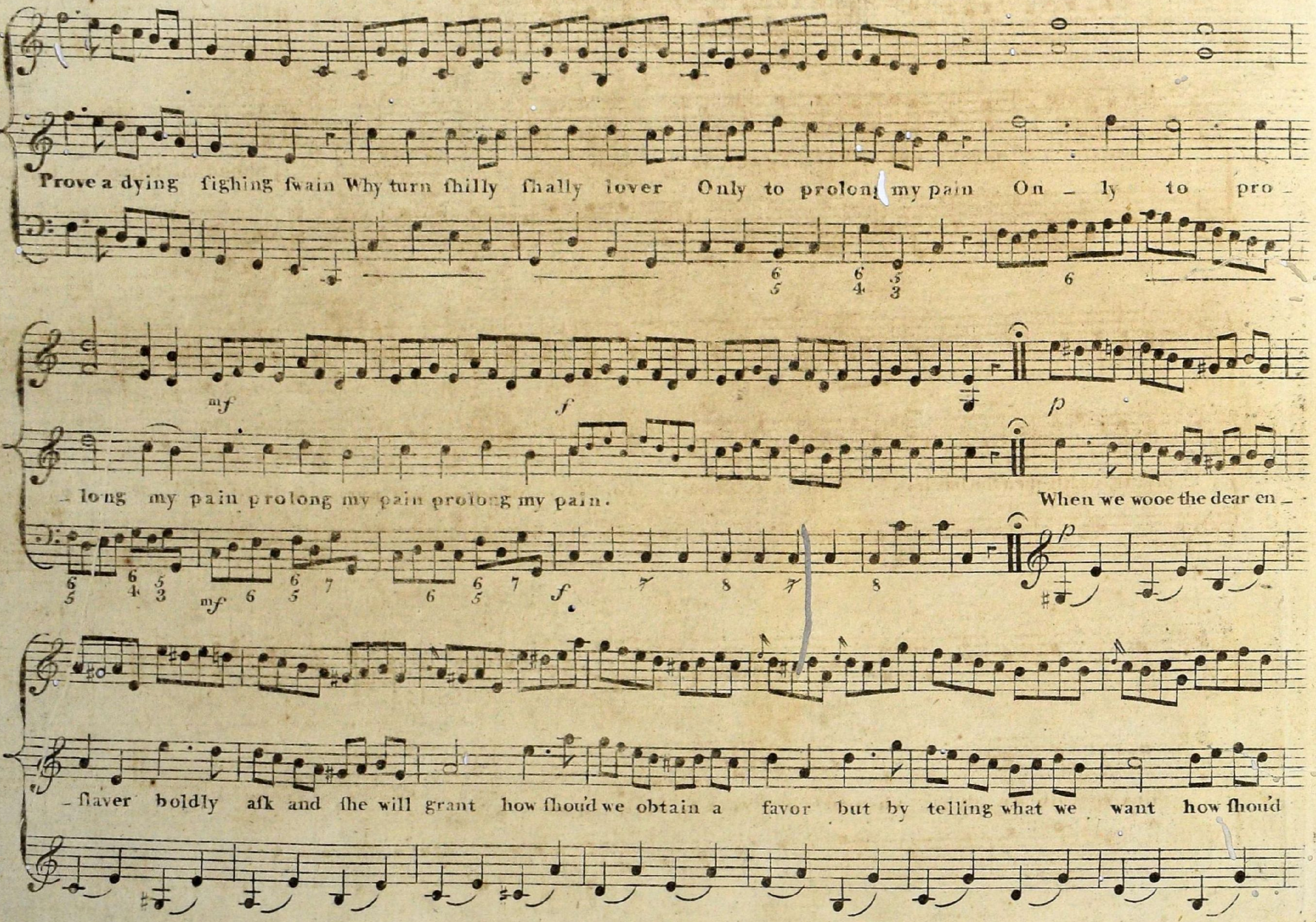
Andante.

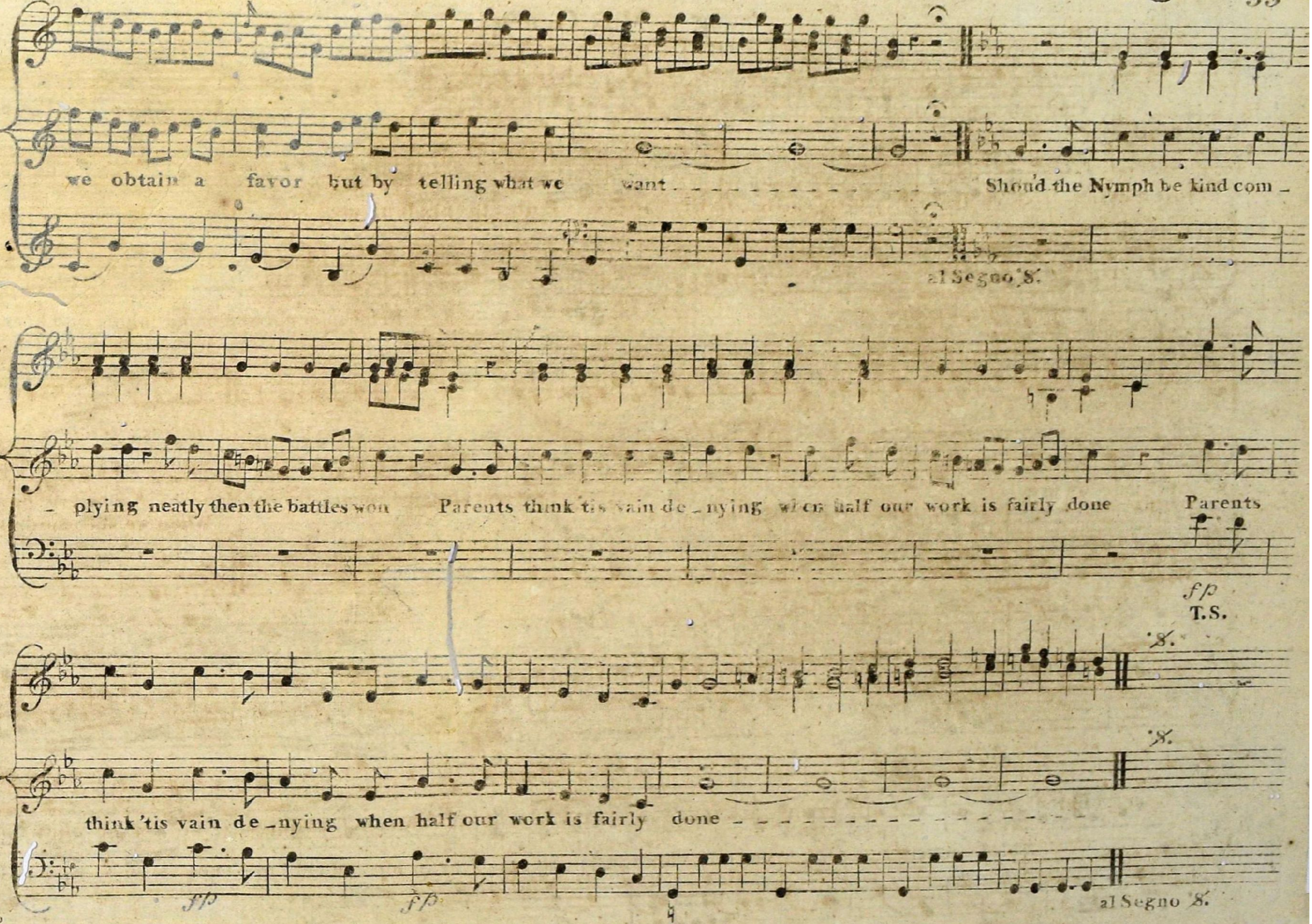



Vio:1º con il Voce.
who like him cou'd brave the field
cou'd brave the field cou'd brave the field cou'd brave the skies.

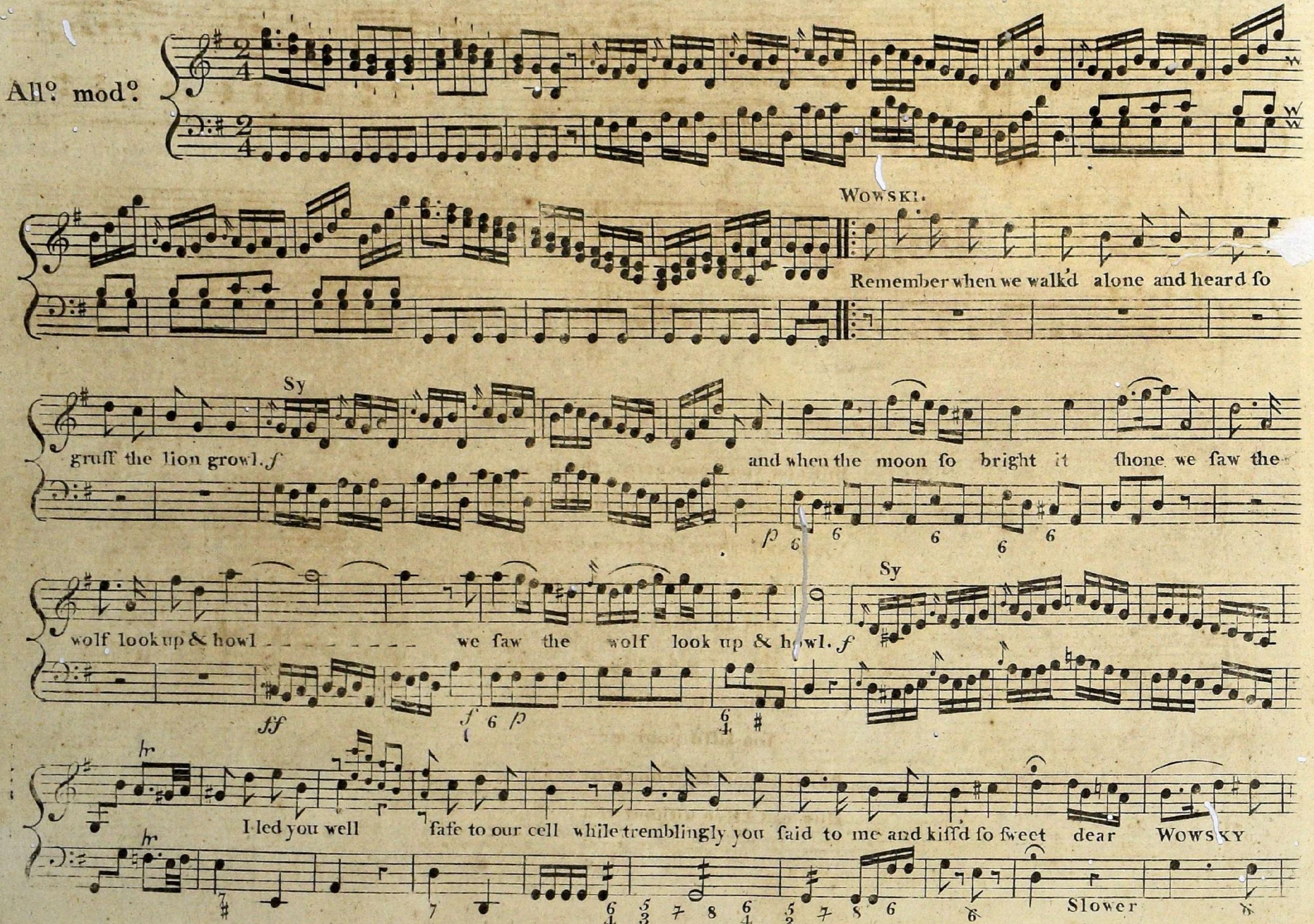

Vio: 1º con il Voce.
In the cause of battles hearty still the God woud try to prove he who fac'd an adverse party fittest was to meet his
love
Hear then Captains ye who bluster hear the God of War de_clare cowards
never can pass muster courage only wins the fair.
T.S.
al Segno
al Segno

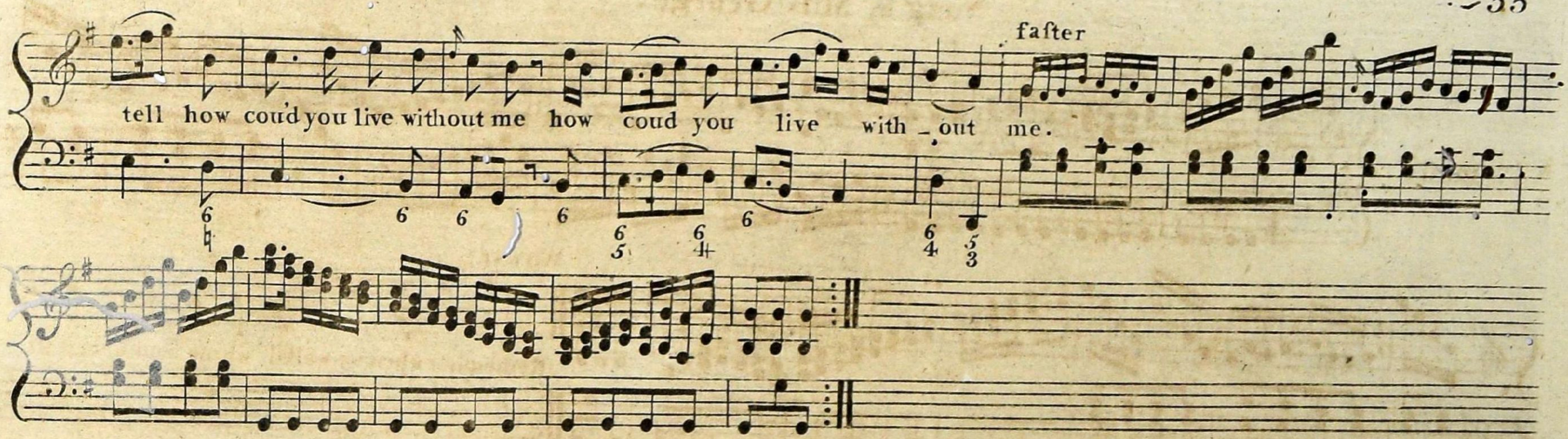

Maestoso.
T.S.
CAMPLEY.
Why shoud I vain fears dis_co_ver Prove a dying
p
fp
sighing swain Why turn shilly shally lo_ver On_ly to prolong my pain Why shoud I vain fears discover
fp
T.S.


Prove a dying ſighing ſwain Why turn ſhilly ſhally lover Only to prolong my pain On _ ly to pro _
_ long my pain prolong my pain prolong my pain. When we wooe the dear en _
_ ſlaver boldly aſk and ſhe will grant how ſhou'd we obtain a favor but by telling what we want how ſhou'd


we obtain a favor but by telling what we want
Shou'd the Nymph be kind com_
al Segno
_plying neatly then the battles won Parents think 'tis vain de_nying when half our work is fairly done Parents
fp
T.S.
think 'tis vain de_nying when half our work is fairly done
fp
fp
al Segno

Sung by Miſs George.

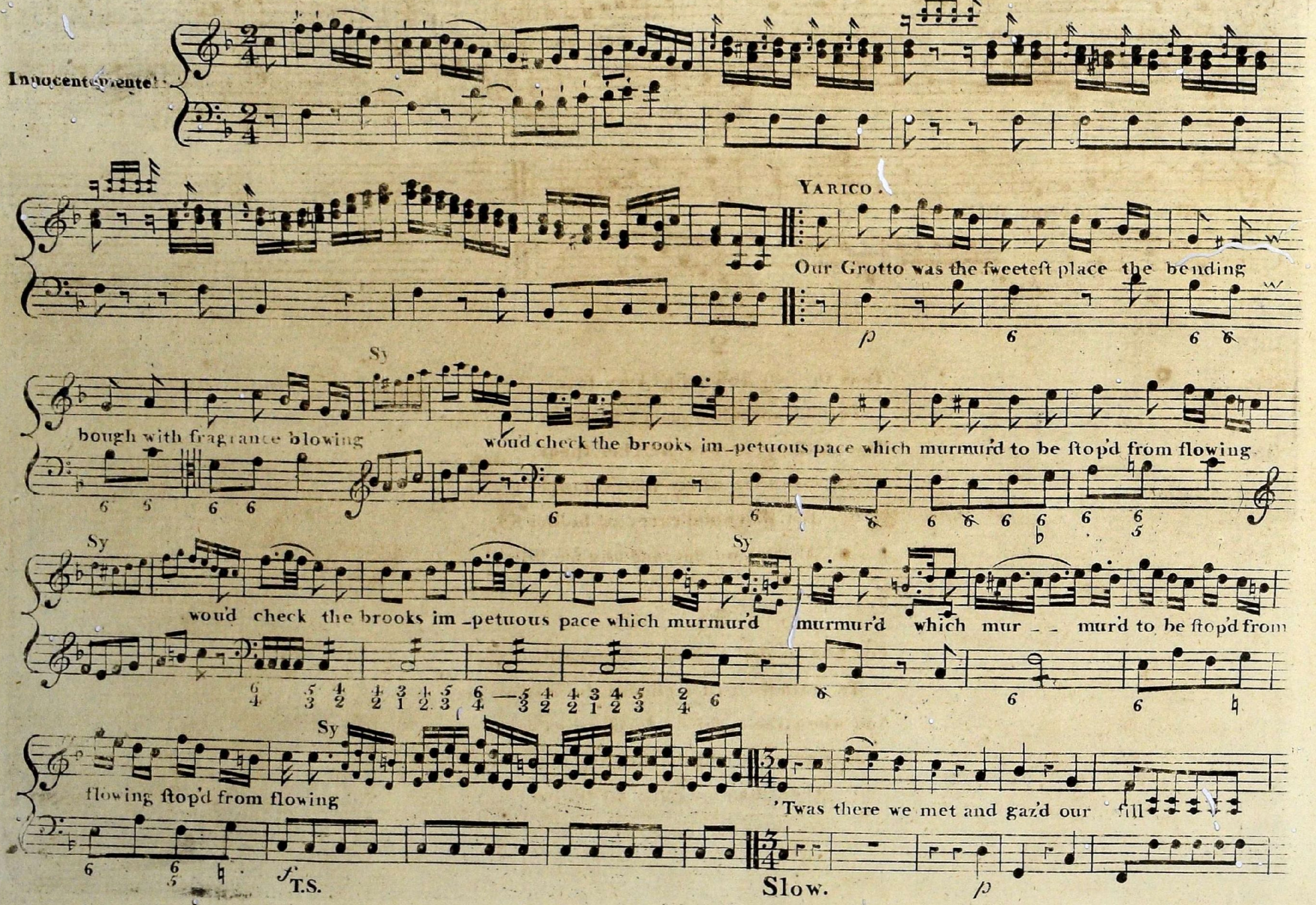


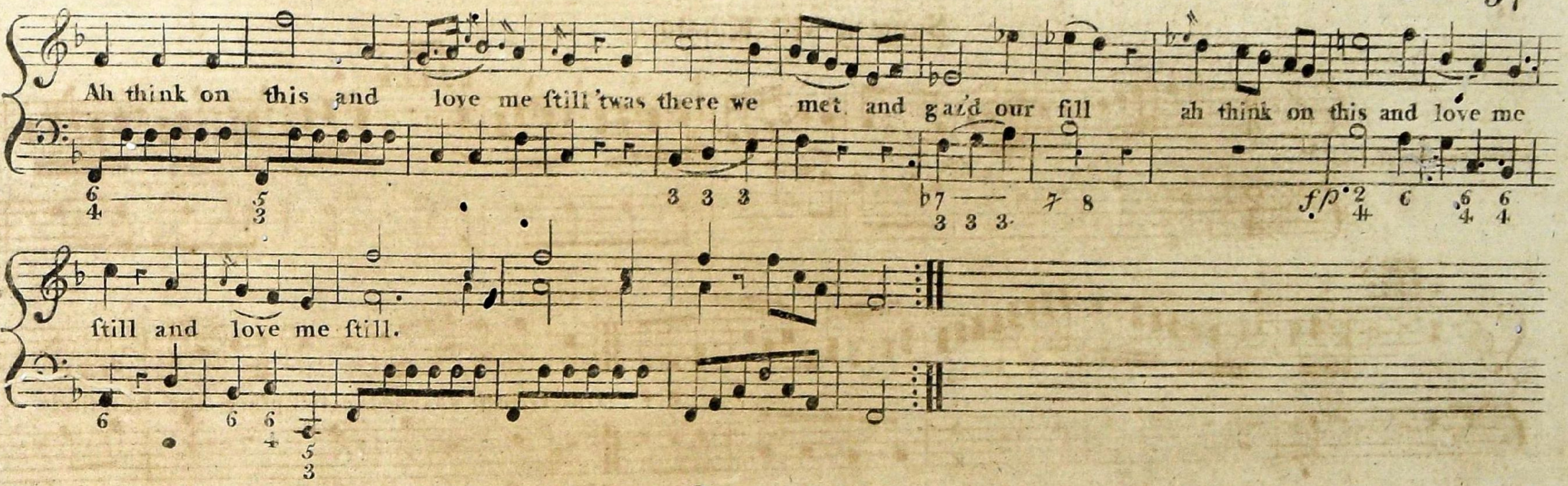


2

But now you come acrofs the fea,
And tell me here no monfters roar;
You'll walk alone, forget poor me,
When wolves to fright you howl no more:
But ah! think well,
On our old cell;
Where tremblingly,
You kifs'd poor me:
Perhaps you fay; poor WOWSKI tell,
How can I live without you.

Sung by Mrs. Kemble.





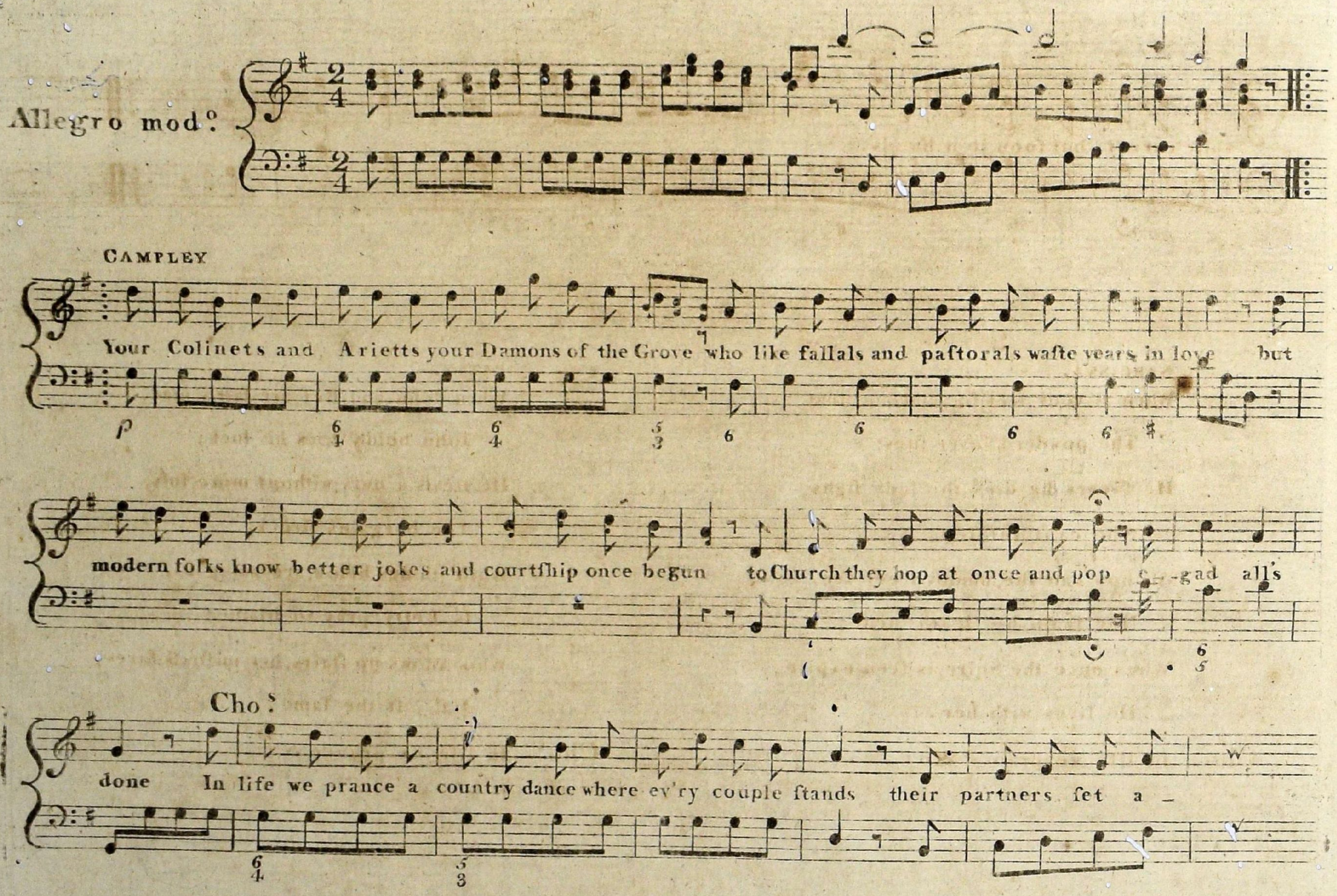
2

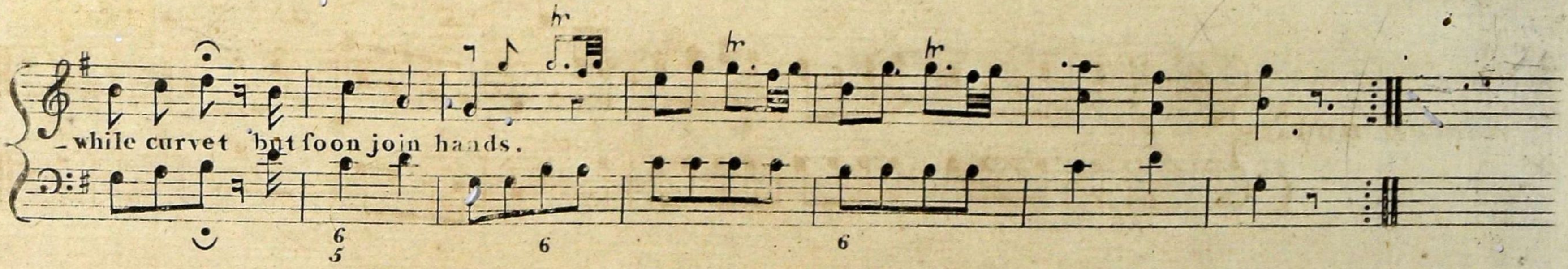
'Twas then my boſom firſt knew fear,
Fear to an Indian maid a ſtranger;
The war ſong, arrows, hatchet, ſpear,
All warn'd me of my lover's danger:
For him wou'd cares my boſom fill,
Ah! think on this, and love me ſtill.

3

For him by day with care conceal'd,
To gather fruit I climb'd the mountain;
And when the night no form reveal'd,
Jocund we ſought the bub'ling fountain.
Then then wou'd Joy my boſom fill,
Oh! think on this, and love me ſtill

Sung by M.rs Bannifter M.rs Forfter & M.r Davis.





2

NARCISSA.

When at your feet, ſo trim and neat,
The powder'd lover ſues;
He ſwears he dies, the lady ſighs,
She can't refuſe:
Ah how can ſhe, unmov'd ee'r ſee,
Her ſwain his death incur;
When once the 'Sqire, is ſeen expire,
He lives with her.

Cho: In life we prance &c:

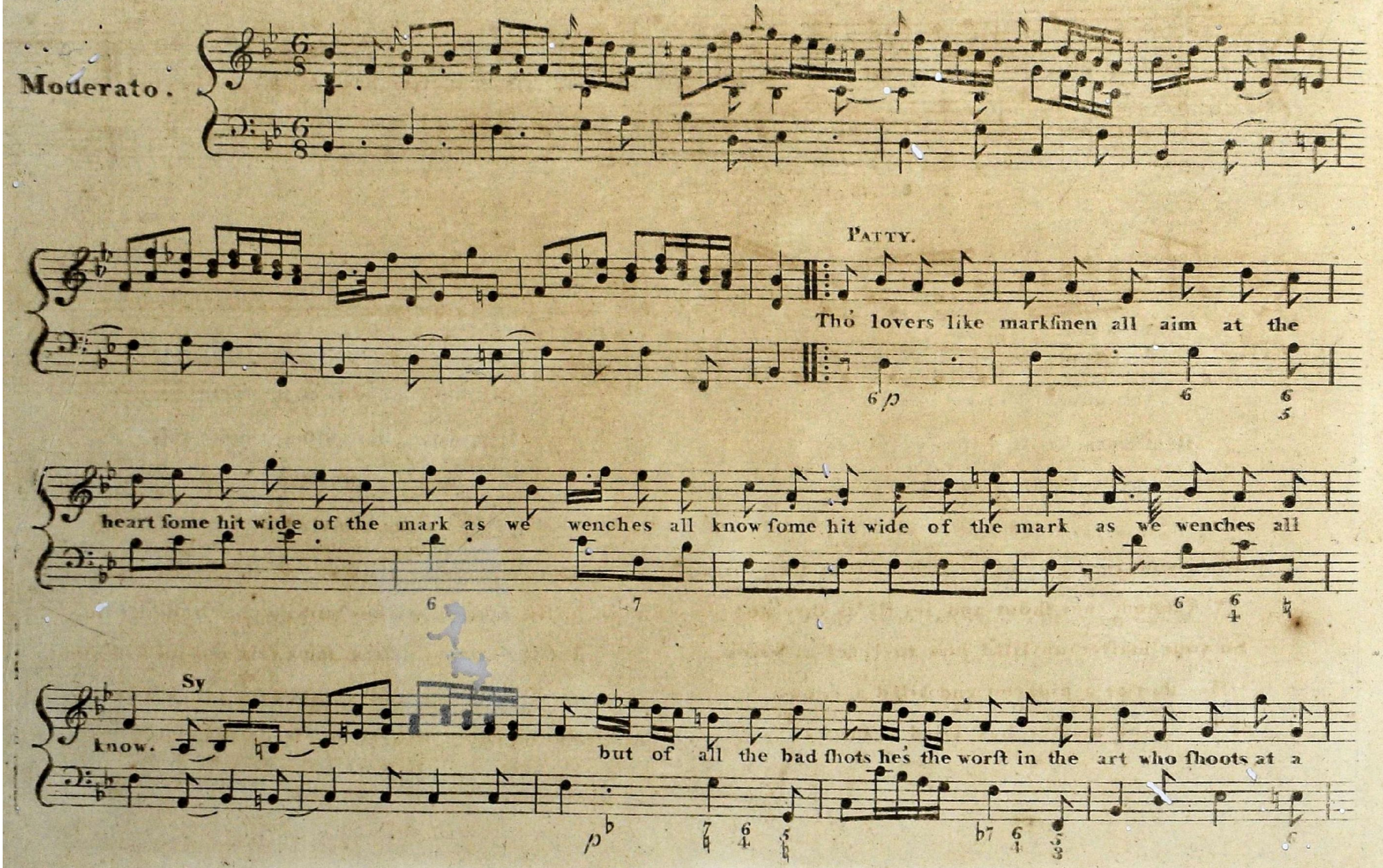
3

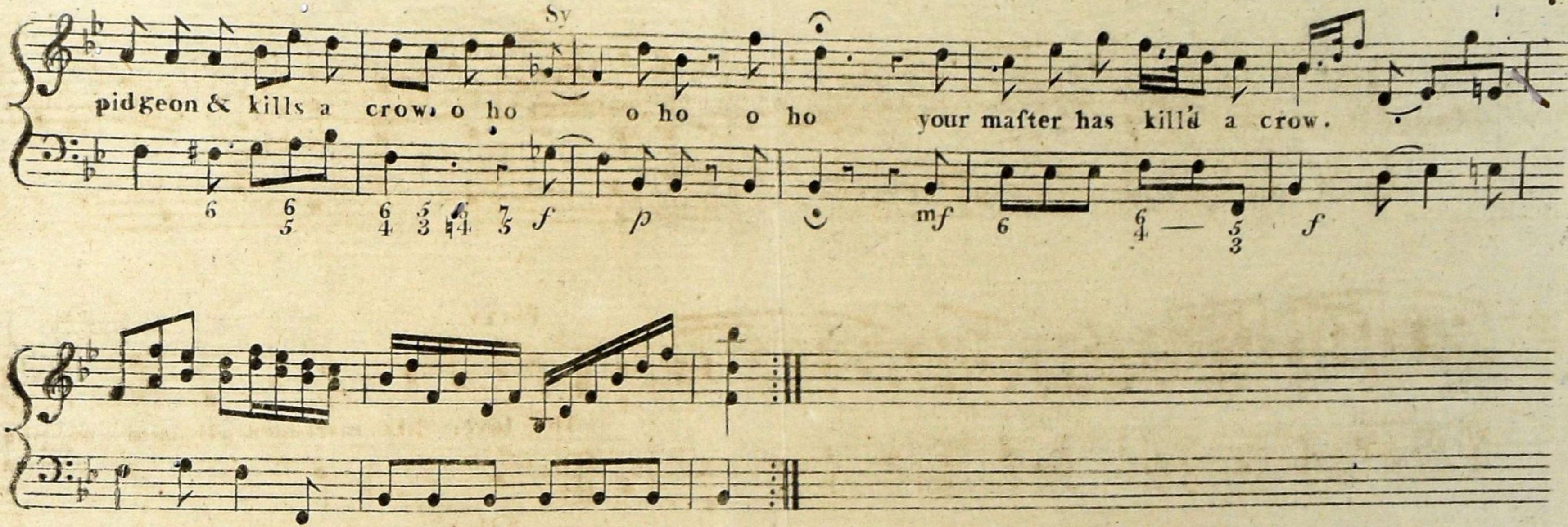
PATTY.

When John and Bet, are fairly met,
John boldly tries his luck;
He ſteals a buſs, without more fuſs,
The bargain's ſtruck:
While things below, are going ſo,
Is Betty pray to blame;
Who knows up ſtairs, her miſtreſs fares,
Juſt juſt the ſame.

Chos. In life we prance &c:

Sung by Mrs. Foster.





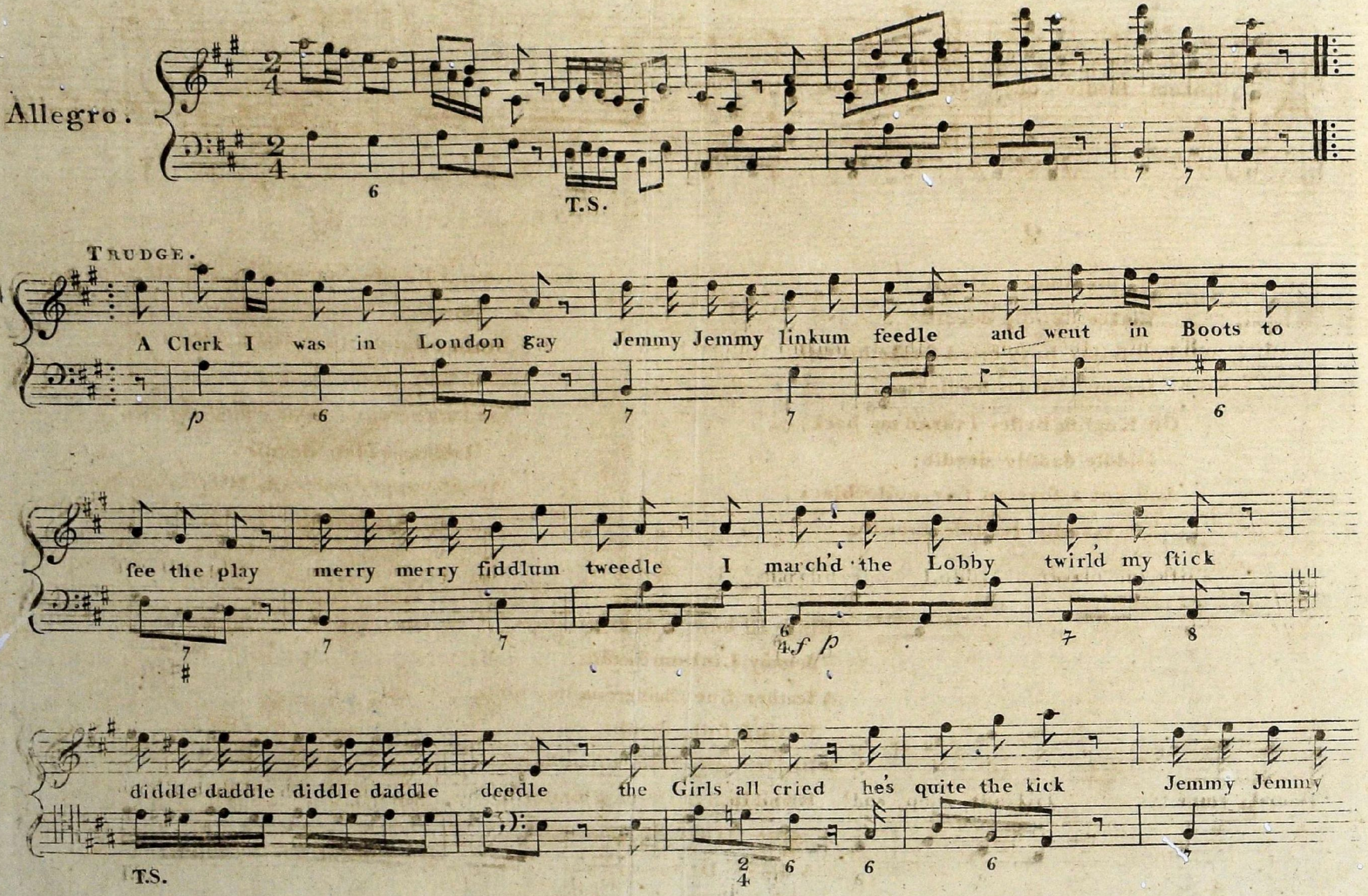
2

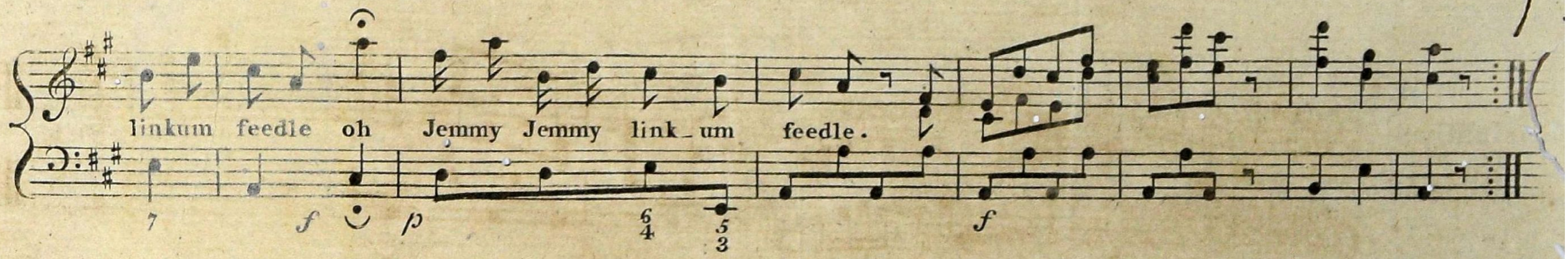
When younkers go out the firſt time in their lives,
At random they ſhoot and let fly as they go;
So your maſter unſkill'd how to level at wives,
Has ſhot at a pidgeon and kill'd a crow.
O ho! your maſter has kill'd a crow.

3

Love and money thus waſted in terrible trim,
His powder is ſpent and his ſhot running low;
Yet the pidgeon he miſſ'd I've a notion with him,
Will never for ſuch a miſtake pluck a crow.
No! no! your maſter may keep his crow.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.





2

Hey! for America I ſail,
Yankee doodle deedle;
The ſailor boys cried ſmoke his tail,
Jemmy Linkum feedle:
On Engliſh Belles I turn'd my back,
Diddle daddle deedle;
And got a foreign fair, quite black,
Oh twaddle twaddle tweedle.

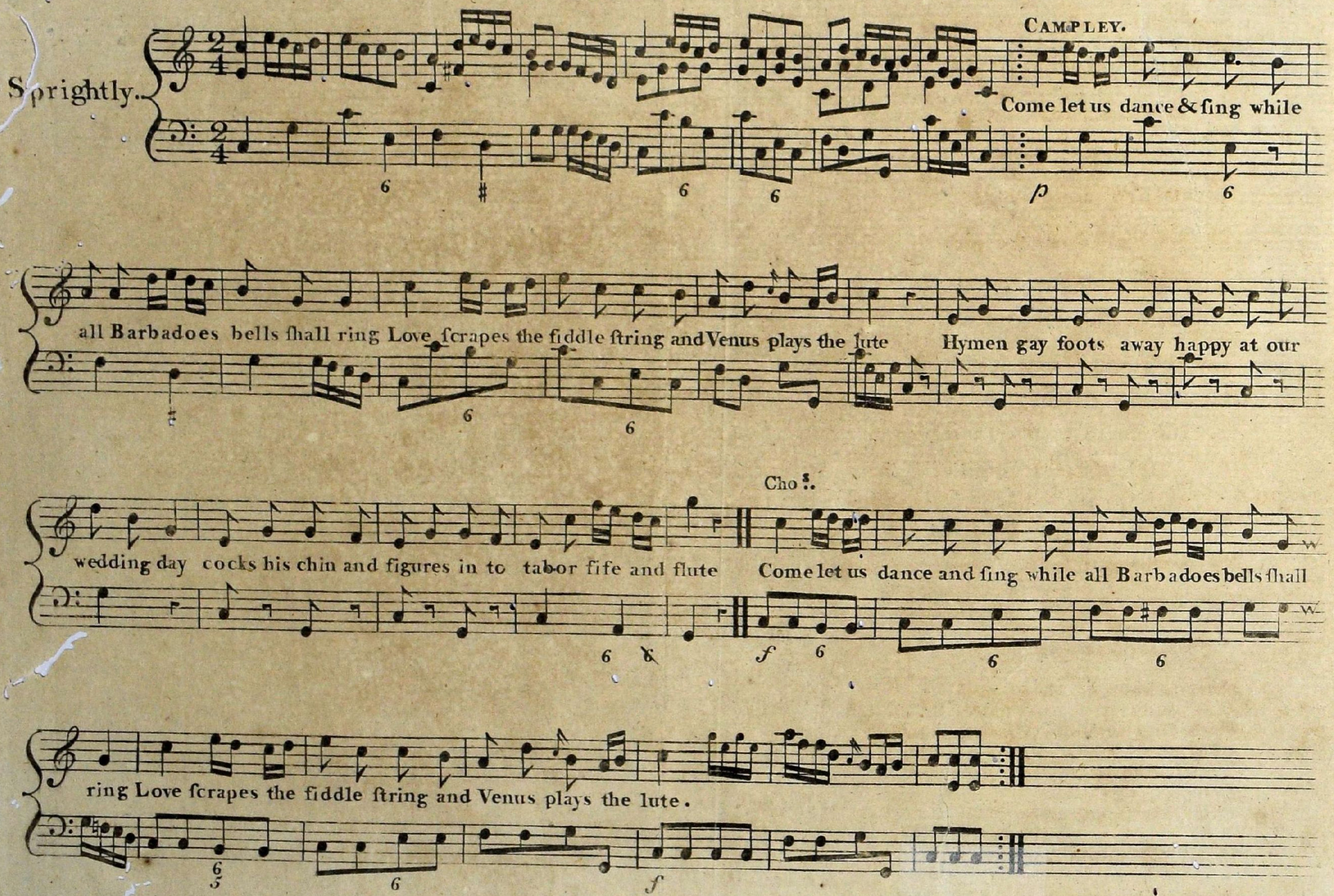
3

Your London Girls with roguiſh trip,
Wheedle wheedle wheedle;
Boaſt their pouting under lip,
Fiddle faddle feedle:
My Wows wou'd beat a hundred ſuch,
Diddle daddle deedle;
Whoſe upper lip pouts twice as much,
Oh pretty double wheedle.

4

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes,
Jemmy Linkum Feedle;
A feather fine ſhall grace her noſe,
Waving ſidle feedle:
With Jealouſy I ne'er ſhall burſt,
Who'd ſteal my bone a bona;
A white OTHELLO I, can truſt
A dingy DESDEMONA.

FINALE. Sung by M.r Edwin, M.r Davies, M.rs Kemble, M.rs Forster, and M.rs Bannister.



2

NARCISSA.

Since thus each anxious care,
Is vaniſh'd into empty air;
Ah how can I forbear,
To join the jocond dance:
To and fro, couples go,
On the light fantaſtic toe;
While with glee,
Merrily
The roſy hours advance.
Chos. Come let us dance, &c:

3

TRUDGE.

'Sbobs now I'm fix'd for life
My fortune's fair, tho' black's my wife;
Who fears domeſtic ſtrife,
Who cares now a ſouce.
Merry cheer, my dingy dear;
Shall find with her Factotum here,
Night and day,
I'll friſk and play,
About the houſe with Wows.
Chos. Come let us dance, &c:

4

YARICO.

When firſt the ſwelling ſea,
Hither brought my love and me;
What then my fate woud be,
Little did I think:
Doom'd to know, care and woe,
Happy ſtill is YARICO;
Since her love,
Will conſtant prove,
And nobly ſcorns to ſhrink.
Chos. Come let us dance, &c:

5

PATTY.

Let PATTY ſay a word,
A chambermaid may ſure be heard;
Sure men are grown abſurd,
Thus taking black for white,
To hug and kiſs, a dingy miſs;
Will hardly ſuit an age like this,
unleſs here,
Some friends appear,
Who like this wedding night.
Chos. Come let us dance, &c:

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